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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

2/- Net MONTHLY

JULY 1920

Poetry	Muriel Stuart
	Margaret Sackville
	E. W. Jacot
	Colin Hurry
Thus to Revisit	Ford Madox Hueffer
Scientific Men and Spiritualism	Joseph McCabe
The Blind Man	D. H. Lawrence
Confined as a Lunatic (ii)	"Oxonian"
The Syrian Express	G. K. Congreve
Bolshevism, Dadaism and Gosh-ism	"Complex
Ireland and Empire	Col. Arthur Lynch
The Two Great War Failures	"Ex-Bearskin"
Labour and Culture	Thomas Moult
Give us this Day our Daily Bread	Austin Harrison
Books	
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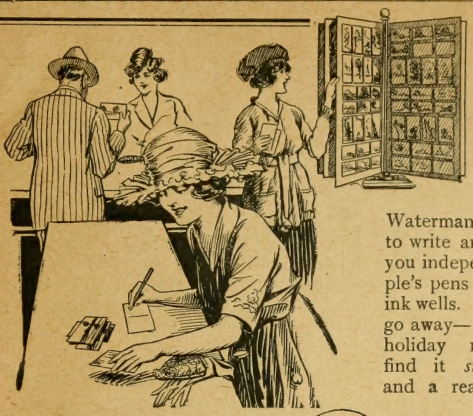
The Art of Eastern Europe.

¶ Of all the Eastern Europeans, the Serbians have the most striking and original art feeling, as those who have seen the wonderful and passionate sculpture and painting exhibited in London during the last few years must realise. It is a racial distinction which makes these people one of the handsomest in the world, which conserves a tradition of pleasant handiwork and costume, always delightful in its barbarous good taste. Serbia, in short, is a pocket of individuality in matters of taste, and its products, always significant and striking, are much drawn upon by artists in more sophisticated Austria and Hungary for new inspiration. This being the case, the exhibition of Serbian rugs from Pirot, now open at Messrs. Heal and Sons' Galleries in Tottenham Court Road, should not be missed by those who are keen on authentic forms of decorative craftwork. These delightful rugs strike a note remarkably harmonious with the growing feeling for the genuinely interesting in colour and design, and the new sentiment for the best qualities in traditional artistry. Every carpet is conceived as a picture in which actual perspective is neglected, and the design, having been adapted to the material, in course of time has become entirely conventional. A carpet usually represents a landscape, which consists of one or more branches in blossom, together with doves or other birds. The border is made up of tortoises, flowers, domestic utensils, and so on. There are other patterns whose real meaning is lost, such as the "fire-plate."

Every pattern represents something. A cock or a dove is fairly easy to recognise, but some others, such as the tortoise, are almost impossible to identify. The tortoise consists of a polygon and six to eight legs, the head and the tail being treated in the same way as the legs for the sake of harmony of design. Only by analysing a design and knowing what it represents can one imagine how it was evolved. The majority of the patterns, especially those representing flowers, are really vertical or horizontal sections of the object. The colour of the patterns does not depend on the actual colour of the objects, but entirely on the design, and this is almost a fixed rule, so that the same design is usually found in the same variations of colour in different carpets, although these may have been woven in different parts of the country.

The carpets are made entirely by women. In one small place up to sixty years ago some were woven by men, but these were of an inferior quality.

It must be mentioned that for a long time carpet-weaving was



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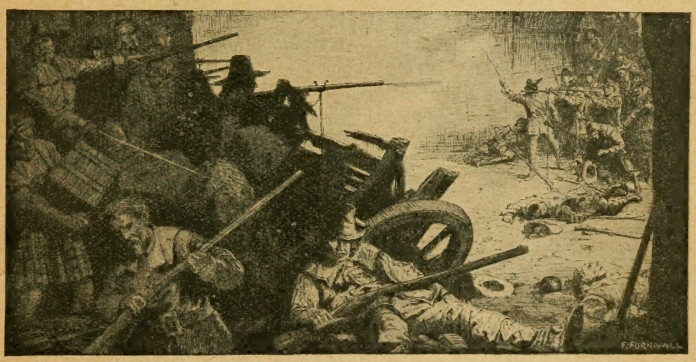

THE battle of Gallowgate has its place in the history of Glasgow in the 18th Century and our picture illustrates a skirmishing incident typical of the period. To-day, commerce and industry are the keynotes of Glasgow's greatness and its citizens can enjoy, and share with others the world over, the soothing, fragrant qualities of "Smith's Glasgow Mixture."

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S. 366

the only means of expression in the parts in which it was done, and anyone who can see and feel the message of these broken branches, cut flowers, and this green, red, and orange forced into a quiet harmony, must realise the attempt of the weaver to express his hard lot.

A Pen for the Holidays.

¶ Everyone who can will spend time out of doors while the warm weather lasts, and if work has to be done it may as well be done in the fresh air. Writers will find it helpful to the imagination. Armed with a solid writing-pad and a reliable pen, one can, in fact, write almost anywhere in town or country. A Waterman's Ideal pen is one of the best pens to carry about on holiday or to keep for regular work at home. It has become a general favourite, not only amongst men and women who make a living by writing, but by all whose writing consists mainly of friendly correspondence. The sales have never been larger than they have this year, for the holiday-goer starts out with the sound resolution of working off all arrears in correspondence. The Waterman certainly helps to keep this good resolution, because it makes them pen-independent, and they are not bothered by searching for indifferent pens and ink, which are in great demand at all holiday resorts. Half a guinea will buy a "Regular" Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, and everyone knows L. G. Sloan, Ltd., at The Pen Corner, Kingsway, where it can be purchased, and where the other types—the "Safety" and the "Self-Filling," can be seen. Every Waterman's Ideal is guaranteed and obtainable from jewellers and stationers everywhere.

The Price of Peace of Mind.

¶ Life insurance is one of the cold-blooded subjects which contract the brow and the heart, but in those quiet watches of the night when dark thoughts will come an effective insurance is a bedside angel of comfort. This alone would make the unexhilarating business worth while. Add to this the consideration that a good and reliable investment helps a man to save from unconsidered expenditure, and that thirty-five is an age by which it is possible and necessary to save, then the twenty-year scheme of the Sun Life of Canada should make a wide and useful appeal to the married man or bachelor. Something less than fifty pounds a year to bring in £1,370 in twenty years, whilst offering security in a double sense, either to raise capital or to provide a thousand plus half of all premiums paid for dependents, is an offer of security as sound and generous as one is likely to get. This investment has other advantages, too numerous to detail here, but it may be just mentioned that after three deposits have been made the investor is able either to surrender the policy (equivalent to selling out stocks or shares) or to obtain a loan if he needs the capital. The figures for these options are all given on the policy, so that the investor knows exactly what he can do with it at any period of its existence. The Sun Life of Canada at Canada House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2, will send on full particulars to any inquirer about this and other options of investment, all clearly and frankly formulated.

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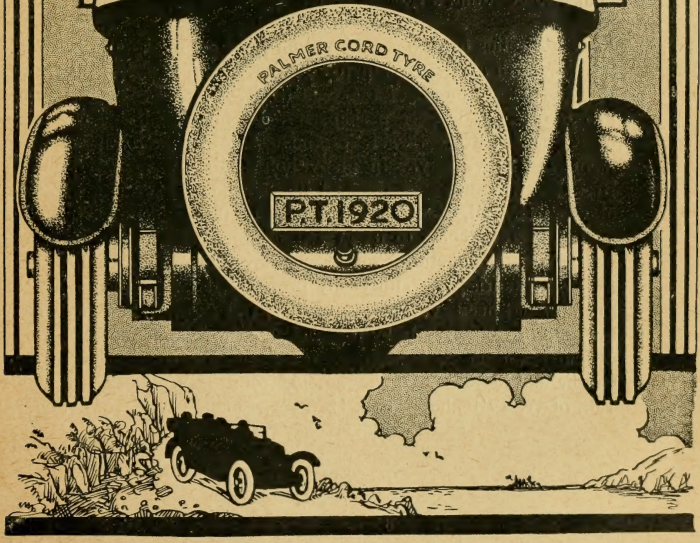

Berma-line Bread.

¶ Bermaline bread is particularly good for keeping fresh and moist in the hot weather, and is especially nourishing for invalids and children. Indeed, one can practically live on Bermaline with fruit and eggs and milk while the heat waves continue. Anyone who has not tried Bermaline should do so without delay. Any reader of the ENGLISH REVIEW who writes to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, will receive a free sample loaf, and the address of the nearest Bermaline baker.

"Tatcho"

¶ Everybody in middle life has been struck by the fact that to-day the physiological changes of advancing maturity are far less apparent than they were a generation ago—stoutness, inactivity, and other indices have almost disappeared, and, what was perhaps the most common form of physical deterioration, baldness, is becoming more and more rare. The reason for all this is undoubtedly improved hygiene, plus the careful investigation of causation, and the discovery of efficient remedies. Amongst the latter "Tatcho" holds high place; it is, in fact, one of the few new words of power generally recognised in the bright lexicon of middle age, and the fact that a personality so gifted and astute as Mr. George R. Sims, with his unique position amongst his contemporaries, is the guarantor of "Tatcho's" genuine and remarkable powers of renewing the growth of hair, and giving nature a fresh start, is enough to commend this well-established compound to our serious attention. Thanks to a competent business organisation, the prescription has been placed at the disposal of the public upon extremely easy terms; it can be found wherever civilisation penetrates, ready to hand, and many thousand men and women bear silent but constant testimony to its beneficial efficiency, but if spoken and written gratitude is sought for by the sceptical this is also to be found a thousandfold.

Break-fast.

¶ So far dietetics have done the nation good on the whole, and indigestion, with all its accompanying disorders, has shown a marked decrease. The moral of that—as Alice would say—is that some of our old friends were perhaps not the most desirable comrades of tea and coffee. Sweet are the uses of adversity if we learn from it a wiser way. In many homes the P.R. Body-building Breakfast Food has established its claim to superiority over the older sorts, and, indeed, the products of the Wallace P.R. Foods Company have come to us in a good time, for we are all ready to learn better dietetics. Those who have not made a trial of these pleasant, nourishing, and easily prepared foods should do so, as one does not need overheating foods at this time of the year. They are sold in 9½*d.* packets by the leading stores and grocers. If any difficulty should be experienced in procuring the packages they can be had in dozens, carriage paid, from the Wallace P.R. Foods Co., of 51, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N. 8, for 9*s.* 6*d.*

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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SMOKING-PLEASURE most surely depends on quality, not quantity. Be intelligently gourmet, not grossly gourmand.
Economise, if you will, on quantity, but not on quality.

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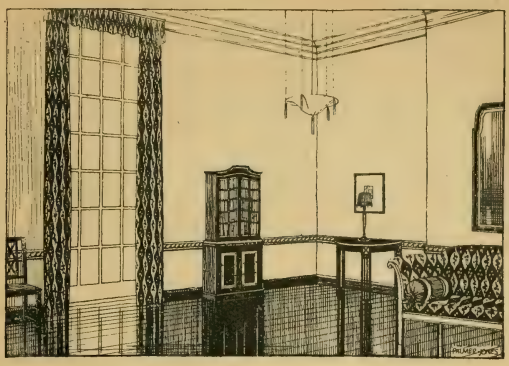

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To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17" by 12" at 1s. each.

MY SLEEPING PARTNER

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

OF course, we all know that war makes strange bedfellows. But what I now awaken to is that Peace has thrust upon me a sleeping partner for whom I possess a physical and mental aversion.

My sleeping partner is an octopus from whose stifling embrace I can find no escape. One whose everlasting proximity is nauseating, whose rapacity is disgusting, whose clutch is corrupting, and whose insensate squandering of the results of my toil is ruinous.

One who when awake keeps appalling company, revels in dissolute circles and extols wanton extravagance as a virtue.

And when asleep, whose sleep is so deadly that I can awaken her to no reason, no logic, no intelligence, no vision, no understanding.

For years my partner has been surrounded by multitudes of sycophants and parasites. And always these myriads of unproductive drones are egging her on to fresh excesses.

What am I to do?

There is but one thing left. To kill this blighting influence whilst she is in a drunken stupor.

* * * * *

In pre-war days, being essentially an individualist, I rejoiced in the material freedom of sole proprietorship . . . . and in ethereal things I aspired to soul control.

Now I am merely a junior partner in the business I own, and the only thing uncontrolled is my temper.

My sleeping partner is an anomaly, for though she sleeps she has put no capital into my business, and yet takes the bulk of the profits out of it. Which savours of financial genius . . . . or crookery.

The name of my sleeping partner is as well-known as mine . . . . and even more hated. Her initials are E.P.D.

Out of every £1,000 she takes about £750 to my £250. She leaves me barely enough to exist, and gambles away her treble portion in profligacy.

That is the position. . . . . And all young businesses are alike saddled with this nightmare partner. They can neither progress nor develop because all Incentive has been killed.

* * * * * * * * * *

There is a limit to taxation and that limit has been over-reached. So Britain may now prepare for the greatest slump in every trade she has ever experienced.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Excess Profits Tax will strangle the golden goose of Industry, and by its own excessiveness will defeat its own ends.

* * * * * * * * * *

The prices quoted by this House are actually below the present market cost of production. And the margin of profit is so small that my extravagant partner will be compelled to retrench.

* * * * * * * * * *

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JULY, 1920

The Unmarried Mother

"Oh, poor wounded name!"

By Muriel Stuart

OH, of that sin wherein we two have met
Shall both be guilty and shall one atone,
And one escape the whole strange, dreadful debt?
Shall not these twain make answer for their youth?
Yet I stand here alone.
The honey is not dried yet from my mouth,
There's gold still in my hair,
And the bright world spins round me everywhere,
Bearing and slaying, making and breaking troth;
Daffodils thinking the green thoughts of the year,
Laughter and youth going down to their new tryst
Breathless, and hand in hand as I went once,
Whom life long since bade such sweet things renounce . . .
I am victim of two creatures that once kissed,
Paying here all the bitter price of both.

Who dare condemn a soul long crazed with fear,
A creature lust snared once for one man's play—
A double-netted swallow, a doe that ran—
Her hour upon her—the predestined prey
Between two hounds, the lust and fear of man?
Oh the whole treacherous world had hand in this!
Though unarraigned, it stands beside me here,
And sells me to Pilate with a Judas kiss.
I have run the bitter gauntlet of its scorn,
As every woman runs to whom are born
Children that have no places in the sun.
The world that calls on God sees this thing done;
Its hand was on the child ere it was made—
Foredoomed, plucked fruit of folly and of woe,

For which this utmost price was asked and paid
By Love's poor blindfold debtor long ago.

My Lords, why should men judge me of this thing?
Me dare you judge? Dare you my sin condemn?
Are there no young wild creatures left to bring
To sentence me, the same goad driving them?
Shall men the last word as the first word say?
Are the hands that hold the sword unstained? Shall they
Condemn at dawn who did at night betray?

Have you not sinned as I have sinned, my Lords,
Though that sin have not found you afterwards?
Have you not found love sweet as I found sweet,
When passion torched you on some secret stair,
When love's first rose was painted on the night,
And, guilty and blind, you broke and tattered it?
Let shades unbeckoned, and let ghosts unguessed,
To whom the day's pride has long forbidden light,
This place of justice and of terror haunt,
With eyes like mine, with hands as suppliant,
Making once more your eyes dim with their hair;
And with sad lips once kissed as mine were kissed,
Once kissed and long forsaken of you, say:
"The piteous sin that for your judgment stands
Was your sin yesterday,
Although no burden your guilty bodies bear,
Though no shame stamps you father, and no man here
Has felt his child's breath go out beneath his hands
From the small soft mouth still groping at his breast."

No living woman's voice in pity or prayer
Has power to save or serve me. To your will
All is delivered: you are masters here;
Of woman's life takers and breakers still.
But the dead have powers. Is there no woman's face,
New risen from some river to succour me?
No child's grave in an unrecorded place
Whose dying set you free?
For the peace of those whose ruin once you were,
For the sin that never found you, kneel, atone.
Have mercy though no scornful Christ be here
To bid you drop the stone.

The Women to the Men Returned

By Margaret Sackville

You cannot speak to us nor we reply:
You learnt a different language where men die,
Are mutilated, maddened, blinded, torn
To tatters of red flesh, mown down like corn,
Crucified, starved, tormented. Oh! forgive
Us, who whilst all men died could bear to live
Happy—almost, excited, glad—almost,
Extravagantly, counting not the cost—
The cost *you* paid in silence. Now speech is vain,
We cannot understand nor you explain
Your passion and your anguish; we are deaf
And blind to all save customary grief.
How shall our foolish consolations reach
Trouble which lies so deeper far than speech.
It ruffles not the surface—dark it lies,
Hid from all eyes, but mostly from *our* eyes,
Which though they wept for sons and lovers dead
(Our *own* sons, our *own* lovers) have not *bled*
Tears—have not wept such drops of blood and flame,
They must have saved the world for very shame.
Forgive us, then, for all our useless tears,
And for our courage and patience all those years.
Oh! you can love us still, laugh with us, smile,
But in your haunted spirits all the while,
Tortured and throbbing like a nerve laid bare,
Lie sleepless memories we dare not share.
Your secret thought—what is it? We do not know;
Never such gulf divorced you from the foe
As now divides us, for how may you tell
What Hell is to us who only read of Hell?
Your souls elude us in some lonely place
Uncomforted, beings of a different race.
Have you our flesh—our flesh and blood become:
You cannot answer us—you are dumb, you are dumb!

Gipsy Troth

By E. W. Jacot

THE wind's song in the pine tops
Was all our christening;
And now we'll have for wedlock
No trumpery, no ring.
The wapping of the waters
Shall be our bridal song;
A kiss, a pledge,— away then,
Away and down along
The old way, the free way,
And let the world condemn,
Till the cry of the curlew
Shall be our requiem.

Sonnet

(On the Houses of Parliament, written near the statue of Cromwell)

By Colin Hurry

THIS that was once a nation's dearest pride,
Is now become a symbol of decay,
A mockery to which men passing pay
The casual homage of a glance. Decried
Are now those virtues that were once the guide
Of statesmanship, and politicians play
On words grown worthless; while the people pray
For truth, for truth alone, and are denied.
Cromwell, though none arise with hardihood
Like to your own, yet is a spirit stirred
In common people for the common good,
Which all the ghosts of freedom rise to greet.
Yet shall they speak, yet shall a voice be heard,
To stir the sleepy lion at your feet.

Thus to Revisit . . .

Some Reminiscences

By Ford Madox Hueffer

I.

Credentials.

[The conductors of a serious American journal have, very flatteringly, asked me to contribute to their columns a *compte rendu* of the English literary world at the present moment. I seized at the opportunity—at first gladly and certainly with gratitude. For, about January, 1914, the Vorticists, Cubists, Imagistes, and Futurists having told me that *I* was Impressionism and that Impressionism was dead, I took my formal farewell of Letters, quite sincerely, in some magazine or other—I think it was *The Thrush*. Then came the war, and I wrote nothing but Propaganda. So it was with pleasure that I contemplated, an insubstantial ghost, re-visiting the light of a moon I had purposed never to see again.

That particular moon shines over our own Parnassus—the ungrassed slopes on the northern bank of the Thames. The reader may not know them: they stretch over monticules and concealed valleys. Let him, then, mount Bedford Street from the Strand. Exploring the neighbourhood of Covent Garden Market, ten to one he will see several of our Immortals issuing from doorways and buttoning fat cheques into comfortable breast-pockets. There is also Paternoster Row. Alas! in those *parages* the streets are narrow and the houses relatively high. So that, on moonlight nights there, he will catch only glimpses of our chaste Dian. . . .

And the conductors of that Magazine asked me, formally, to treat of (Messrs.)

Gosse	Hardy	Bennett	Lewis, "etc.,
Hudson	Yeats	Wells	etc."
Doughty	Symons	Sinclair (Miss)	Meynell (Mrs.)
Bridges	Eliot	Lawrence	Moore (George)
			Dunsany (Lord)

Henry Newbolt (Sir).

As an afterthought they added: "Rudyard Kipling and any of Les Jeunes that you like."

I quote the list—after having duly asked permission—and the phrase, because it shows fairly well what Figures the moonshine of our Academe reveals to the other side of the world. . . . But as for treating of all these great ones, either seriatim or seriously! Does the reader remember Wilde's simile of the poor lion in a den of savage Daniels?

In what follows you have a line of least resistance. Reminiscences leading up to a serious plea, the last being all that this poor *revenant* really cares about. (But you must put *some* bait in a fox-trap!) The compiler, then, of the "above Nominal Roll" omits, surprisingly, the name of Mr. Conrad, and, not surprisingly, that of another writer. Let us begin with those two—classing them amongst "Les Jeunes that you like."]

It is, say, twenty-two years and six months since, about Michaelmas, 1897, I received from Mr. Conrad a letter in which, amazingly, he asked me to col-

laborate with him. He stated that he had consulted W. E. Henley as to his difficulties with English Prose, which were very great since he thought in Polish, expressed his thoughts to himself in French, and, only with great labour, rendered his thus-worded French thoughts into English. Mr. Conrad stated that he had said to Mr. Henley: "Why should I not find as collaborator the finest English Stylist?" . . . The letter was the result of Henley's advice.

Mr. Conrad, of course, was lying. But that particular mendacity pleased me—and has ever since pleased me so that I have never asked him to tell the sober truth of the matter, which was that Henley had never even heard of my existence. For I had a curious row with Henley later—a quite innocent, temporary combat over a slip of the tongue on his part. If I had been less shy and awkward I should not have corrected him. As a parting shot he "squashed" me (people used to squash each other still in those days!) by saying: "Who the b—y H—ll are you, anyway? I never even heard your name!"

Henley was a fine fellow: a crystallised and more vocal specimen of the English peasant who sits in a corner of a settee by the ale-house fire and utters eternal truths. He was diseased and brave as Johnson was diseased and brave. He was wise, as Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hudson are wise amongst the writers of to-day, and—*il faisait école!* He was the re-vivifying centre to which returned for re-inspiration a whole body of English writers. For those of us who live to-day, he was the first English head of a group to advocate conscious literary Art, that elusive marsh-fire that only so very occasionally shines over the surface of our moonlit pools and morasses.

You have, that is to say, to go back a hundred years to find such another, and you will find him in Samuel Johnson; you have to go back yet another hundred and fifty years to find one again—let us say in Ben Jonson or Lily.

I should like here to make the note that the literary history of the United States parted company with the literary history of these Islands forty or fifty years ago. Before the '70's and '80's you had Hawthorne and Irving; Holmes, Emerson, and the Concord Group. They, for better or for worse, were English Great Writers. But, with

Daisy Miller, the United States joined itself to the main literary stream of the world which flows—and for two hundred years has flowed—through France alone.

In 1895 or so I bought at a Kentish farm house sale a great many numbers—sixty or seventy—of the *Atlantic Monthly* of the 'seventies and 'eighties. It was astonishing to buy these periodicals beneath the high skies, off the grass of an English farm: heaps had been thrown down between the coulters of ploughs and cider tubs on the trodden green turf. But it astonished me still more to find that correspondent after correspondent had written from Boston, Mass., and from Philadelphia, Pa., to ask the Editor of the monthly *how* to write short stories—not merely what moral attached to this or that example of this difficult form, but quite simply, "how short stories should be written."

I had never, in England, heard that question asked. The English writer, as I knew him, bothered very much as to what magazines printed short stories; as to the price per thousand words paid for them; even as to the respectability of the Short Story as compared with that of the Novel. But as to how the Short Story—or the Long Story, or even the Novel—should be written: never. *Il ne s'en f—t pas mal!*

I think I am alone among English-born writers in worrying, in bothering my head, primarily, about the "how" of writing. Henry James did—but he was born in Newport, R.I.; or Cambridge, Mass.; or somewhere. Mr. Conrad did—but he was born in the Government of Kief; used to think in French; and translate his thoughts with difficulty into English. Mr. Hudson does—and he was born in La Plata, and is of New England stock. Mr. Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham certainly also does—but he is a Scotch South American—or at any rate spoke Spanish before he spoke English.

I don't mean to say that no other English writers bother their heads at all about the "how" of writing. I remember, for instance, listening respectfully to Mr. H. G. Wells whilst he lectured me on how to write. But, as far as I could see, his only technical rule was this: *Never introduce your hero and heroine together in the first chapter.* I don't know why this should be so. For the sake of economy, I daresay. Mr. Arnold Bennett no doubt acquired an immense knowledge of technique during his lean years in

Paris. But his employment of the pen has been so dominantly commercial that I hesitate to include him in my list.

And of course I have forgotten Mr. George Moore. One so frequently forgets Mr. Moore that, by force of remembering him with successive shocks he is beginning to occupy a very large space in the shadowy moonlight of one's re-visitations. For Mr. Moore is the only consummate English writer (of course he is an Irishman trained by the French). He, alone amongst novelists and writers of the fiction which is called memoirs, knows exactly what he wants to say, and exactly how to say it. But all his work repels me: I wish it didn't; I can't help it. Intellectually I am lost in admiration: sympathetically it leaves me cold: or rather, it chills me. But *Ave atque Vale* is beautiful and poetic. . . .

I think, then, that I have said enough to strike the note I want to strike for these papers—that I am interested only in how to write, and that I care nothing—but nothing in the world!—what a man writes about. In the end that is the attitude of every human soul—only they don't know it.

Let us see, then, where this dogmatic statement lands us. For it is a dogmatic statement that almost every English writer will cry out against—and violently. Yet it is so reasonable!

You read Poe—or you read Homer. What do they matter to you—the murders in the Rue de la Morgue, or the dying hound of Ulysses? Very little! It is unlikely that you will murder or be murdered; it is improbable that, ever, your wanderings shall be so protracted that, on your return, your wife will not know you, whereas your nurse will recognise your scarred feet or your blind dog, your odours. Nevertheless you have read the *Gold Bug* and *The Pit and The Pendulum*, and you have read the *Odyssey*. Why?

What is Hecuba to you?

II.

Puiser dans le Vide . . .

We set out then on our research for the Absolute in Literature. . . .

In those days Conrad was . . . Conrad. I have never known another writer who on the surface was so exactly his books. Other writers you had to dig into. If you "dug into" Henry James, below many layers of caricaturable oddities—and what finenesses!—you found *What Maisie Knew*, the *Death of the Lion*, the *Real Thing*—and sometimes even the *Great Good Place*. After long acquaintance with Mr. Wells you might understand how he could write the wonderful stories that are collected in the volume called: *The Country of the Blind;* in time you understood that Mr. Bennett was really the *Savoir Faire* papers and the *Grand Babylon Hotel*. Beneath the mordant verbal cruelties and polite sneers you might find the George Meredith of *Evan Harrington;* beneath the kind gentleness of Mr. Thomas Hardy—as the roots of oaks are buried beneath soft grasses and mossy turves—the oaken permanence of this great poet. . . . As for Mr. George Moore. . . .

But Conrad was always just "Marlow," the reflective, hyper-conscientious narrator of *Youth*, of *Heart of Darkness*, and of *Lord Jim*. I remember Henry James calling Marlow: "This impossible, this monstrous, master-mariner." But then Mr. James used to call me: "Ce jeune homme modeste . . ."

I don't know that I was modest; but I suppose I had the sense to be silent before my betters. And life for me, then, was one long alternation of technical riddles: there was Conrad who, as collaborator, used to tell me that I could not write, never should be able to write, should do better if I did *any*thing other than write. And there was Mr. James! For many years he came to tea nearly every winter afternoon at my house in Winchelsea, and used to talk in the never-ending sentences—the lovable, glamorous sentences! But I am perfectly certain that he was serenely unaware that I had any literary ambitions. . . .

To finish with that collaboration, then, in a few words! *Romance* was the better known outcome of our labours. And they were labours! It was preceded by another book, the *Inheritors*, which has baffled the comments of even the most inspired of Mr. Conrad's American Press agents. I fancy that neither book has any artistic value at all—and I am using the history of the joint effort merely as a sort of Observation Car from which to peruse in memory the

shadowy literary history of the last quarter century. These glimpses of the moon reveal, more and more, two solitary figures: for the history of definite, conscious, and, as you might say, contagious æsthetic effort during this period became more and more a history of Mr. James and Mr. Conrad. . . .

In the beginning, again, there were Henley and his school. One remembers of them Stevenson, R. A. M. Stevenson, Mr. Marriott Watson, and George Warrington Steevens—I think Mr. Whibley and Mr. Wedmore also belonged to the Gang. There were no doubt others; but these were enough to make up a vocal and combative body. They admired physical force, lawlessness, piracy, the speed of motor-cars, the deftness of linotype machines, and they studied words from the Authorised Version and Sir Thomas Browne. They were succeeded, overlappingly, by the Yellow Book School.

That school concerned itself with form, with the expression of fine shades, with continental models and exact language. It gave a second birth to Henry James, who, after a blaze of popularity which came with *Daisy Miller* and the *American*, had gradually declined through the *Princess Casamassima*, into comparative obscurity and comparative inaction. It—the *Yellow Book*—had for its *chef d'Ecole* Henry Harland, another American of French training; but I have since heard—and I daresay truly—that the real motive power of this very important movement came from Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne—another Irish writer of French training.

I should like to make a note of digression here and say a word about Miss Mayne, a great, or, at any rate, a consummate, artist. It is indeed my duty to make the digression since the literary history of our Islands would be incomplete without a strongly underlined note about this writer. To-day Miss Mayne stands alone as a portrayer of the fine shades of civilised contacts—as a portrayer, then, of life as it is lived by you and me. For no one will to-day assert that his life is really an affair of bashings of skulls, plots, conspirings, piracies, of Wall Street panics, debauches, or the improbable rewards of virtue. And no one will deny that his life is really a matter of "affairs"; of minute hourly embarrassments; of sympathetic or unsym-

pathetic personal contacts; of little-marked successes and failures, of queer jealousies, of muted terminations—a tenuous, fluttering, and engrossing fabric. And intangible!

And, now that Mr. James is dead, there seems to be only Miss Mayne in England who has the perception and the great skill to be the historian of this our fugitive day. She has, I suppose, no following at all, and few readers. That is queer. For, if you write a book about a man's neighbourhood, he and all his neighbours will flock to read it; but if you write about a man's real life he will say that he has to live enough of that during the twenty-four hours of the day, so that he desires to read of Wall Street Pirates by his fireside. . . .

The *Yellow Book*, then, directed by Miss Mayne, adorned by Henry Harland, and providing a new stage for Henry James, dominated the early 'nineties in England. It found imitators, rivals, detractors, disciples, trumpeters; and the whole Movement united the latter pre-Raphaelites—who stridently proclaimed the doctrine of Art for Art's sake, whilst implying that the practice of Art enforced the breach of the seventh commandment—to writers like Miss Mayne who believed that Art impelled you to register life as it is lived.

Between these two schools—though I have again, flagitiously, forgotten to mention Miss Ella Darcey as standing alongside Miss Mayne and Mr. James—there existed a whole band of writers like (Mrs.) George Egerton, Hubert Crackanthorpe, and, I fancy, Miss Dolf Wyllarde. These, as it were, translated *comptes rendus* of breaches of several commandments into terms of the life that we used to live. So the crash came.

In the early 'nineties in England, Literature was an affair for the daily papers and for the weekly illustrated journals. Our inkstands, our favourite pens, our porches and our pergolas, were photographed and recorded on shiny paper. Our sayings were chronicled in small paragraphs separated by asterisks; we had specially trained domestics to ward off interviewers. But Oscar Wilde was tried and, through sheer personal imbecility, condemned. (He was entreated by the British Government to take a seven o'clock train for Paris, the warrant for his arrest not being issued

till 8.30 p.m. of that fatal day.) At once the Typical English Writer rushed in in hordes—and triumphed.

"Art for Art's sake," he said, "ends in Oscarisms, in warrants, arrests, trials, and the rest of it." Harland died of consumption; Hubert Crackanthorpe was drowned in the Seine; Aubrey Beardsley died of consumption; Wilde wrote *De Profundis*. . . .

The Typical English Writer—for the *Yellow Book* was an Irish-Franco-New England affair—had pursued his course in periodicals like *To-Day* and the *Detroit Free Press*. Mr. Wells and Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Barry Pain were appearing in one; Mr. Kipling, Mr. Frank Harris, and Mr. Harold Frederick, I believe, in the other. Mr. Edward Garnett was publishing the "Pseudonym Library," and was being *chef d'Ecole* for a whole school of writers who produced what is called *Tranchées de la Vie*—slices cut out of life as a section is cut out of a melon. This last school had little pre-occupation with Literature as an Art; they had, in revenge, an immense desire to further the Social Revolution, to remove Social Injustices, and to point out that Life was an excruciatingly dull affair. They gave us George Gissing, Mark Rutherford—and the Russians. Thus we owe a very great debt to Mr. Garnett. I don't suppose we shall ever pay it. But let it at least be put on record that during very dark years, almost alone, he made life possible for a great many earnest and meritorious writers and, almost alone, he gave us Turgenev.

In those dark days, then, the influence of the *Yellow Book* group disappeared; the Typical English Writer began, as the total eclipse of the literary moon passed slowly away, to come into his own; the Typical English critic, part analyst, part preserver of respectable traditions, like Sir Edmund Gosse, Mr. Colvin, Professor Dowden, and my late uncle, William Rossetti, once more advanced towards academic eminence; Mr. Edward Garnett's beneficent labours assumed an aspect more and more subterranean. Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Swinburne, of the Surviving Great, lived each apart on his little hill; Mr. James took a serene flight of his own, alighting on the battlemented heights of Rye. Writers avoided writers: there remained no perceptible Literary Life in England. Books were written, but the problems of how best to treat a given

subject, or how most exactly to render an Affair—these problems were banned and remained undiscussed.

During all those years—for many years that seemed to pass very slowly—Mr. Conrad and I, ostensibly collaborating, discussed nothing else. Buried deep in rural greennesses we used to ask each other how, exactly, such and such an effect of light and shade should be reproduced in very simple words. We read nothing but French: you might say it was Flaubert, Flaubert, Flaubert all the way. Occasionally we should become enthusiastic over a phrase of Stephen Crane's, such as, "the waves were barbarous and abrupt." Occasionally we would go together and have tea with Henry James at Rye. I think that I was most preoccupied with the simple expression of fine shades; Conrad's unceasing search was for a New Form for the Novel, mine for a more literary vocabulary. And I do not believe that there were in the England of those days any two other people whose whole minds and whose unceasing endeavours were so absolutely given to that one problem of expression between man and man which is the end of all conscious literary art. I do not mean to say that no other writers tried to tell stories well, or that none told them better; merely that, as far as I know, at a time when devotion to exact expression or to the architectonics of art was regarded either as folly or as subversive of morality, no other writers were consciously and so exclusively preoccupied with those dangerous topics.

Since that day there have been no Movements in English Letters—until, just before the war, we had the Futurists, Vorticists, Imagistes. The story of literature became one of individual efforts without any particularly visible cohesion. These I leave aside.

(To be continued.)

Scientific Men and Spiritualism

(ii)

By Joseph McCabe

In my last article I dealt with what the defenders of the new "psychic science" call teleplastic phenomena. One really requires little knowledge of science to see the monstrous nature of this claim. Most people are vaguely aware that for the execution of a single muscular movement there is needed a marvellously complicated structure, in which hundreds of thousands of cells, of different kinds of plasm, play their respective parts. To the physiologist, who knows the structure microscopically, the claim seems so weird that he would only find it intelligible in the infancy of the race. Yet when he attempts to warn the public what it really means to say that a medium can, in the space of a quarter of an hour, create a single finger which will bend and take a cigarette—to say nothing of a pair of arms which will embrace sitters or a pair of legs which will bear a body about the room—he finds some of our Spiritualist leaders assuring the world that he is a stubborn incarnation of prejudice, a traitor to the real scientific spirit, an enemy of truth or of the human race. We need not wonder if his language at times falls to a human level.

Most of the scientific men who so unfortunately lend some sort of countenance to the popular superstition do not go so far as to admit these materialisations. I fear that the number of those who do is—considering the nature of the phenomenon—surprising. Sir Oliver Lodge gravely recommended to us the early performances of Marthe Beraud. Professor Richet admits materialisations with a facility that makes one gasp. Flammarion in some degree contends that Eusapia had the teleplastic power. Imoda and other younger members of the Italian school are as credulous as Richet. The majority of the pyschical re-

searchers, however, seem to feel that the claim is an outrage on common sense. Many, in fact, look with suspicion on all physical phenomena, and base their faith only on the more refined performances of the clairvoyant and the automatic writer. But the majority rightly conclude that these afford far too frail a foundation for their hope of immortality, and there is a very general agreement amongst them that what they call the "telekinetic" phenomena are the most accredited of all. The typical performance of this class is the lifting (one is expected to call it "levitation") of a table when the medium is supposed not to be in contact with it. Every single authority of the "new science" admits this—Lodge, Barrett, Crawford, Maxwell, Richet, Ochorowicz, Morselli, Reichel, Rochas, Carrington, Imoda, Foa, Flournoy, etc. Thirty scientific men of our time, mostly university teachers, may be quoted in support of it.

We need not linger over what may broadly be called the artistic aspect of the performance. When we die, it seems, according to the new revelation, we enjoy neither the "beatific vision" of Dante and the Churches nor a paradise *à la* Mohammed. There is painfully little to do, so we spend our time doing good. We all become prodigiously serious moralists, wandering about ghost-land in search of unregenerates to practise upon. This may or may not be an attractive prospect, but it is in any case not consistent with the table-lifting business. Most of us would positively refuse to leave the Elysian Fields, enter the suffocating atmosphere (as the late Dr. Hodgson assures us it is) of earth, and gravely lift tables for a group of scientific men who strain their short-sighted eyes in a dim red light. However, the greater part of the scientific men I have named do not admit the Spiritualist theory of these things. They do not feel the force of William James's remark that it is, perhaps, better to believe in spirits, as in that case "*some* honesty is left in a whole department of the universe which otherwise is run by pure deception." They prefer to credit the medium with telekinetic power.

The source of the myth is very well illustrated by the recent books of Dr. W. J. Crawford, of Belfast University. He made the acquaintance of a Spiritualist family, and became convinced that one member of the family, a girl of seventeen (when the experiments began in 1915), had very

remarkable powers. He therefore entered upon a two-years' investigation, of that pseudo-scientific character which seems to make such an impression on the public, and gives us a long and portentously solemn account of his experiences in his *Reality of Psychic Phenomena and Experiments in Psychical Science*. Sir William Barrett assisted at some of the *séances*, and he gives the full weight of what some regard as his high authority to Dr. Crawford's claims. "It is," he says, "difficult to imagine how the cleverest conjurer, with elaborate apparatus, could have performed what I have described."

This is the sort of language which brings disdain on the professors of the new science. The conditions, minutely described by Dr. Crawford, were such that even a modest conjurer could have done everything without so much apparatus as a hairpin. The light was the customary red lantern, which seems to have been specially designed by Providence for the protection of mediums. The sitters consisted of a family of seven people, all of whom were Spiritualist mediums. Dr. Crawford had therefore fourteen hands and fourteen feet to control, in the most difficult of lights; and we shall see presently that no two professors were ever able to control the hands and feet of *one* medium, Eusapia Palladino. The circle, in the centre of which was the table, is vaguely described as about five feet in diameter. A little consideration will show that the centre of the table was thus just at the distance where the chief medium's foot would be, if she chose to extend it, and that in the shadow of the table one could not see whether her foot was extended or no.

Under these conditions Sir W. Barrett and Dr. Crawford were thrown into ecstasies because a light table or stool (weighing two pounds) was raised in the air to a height of four feet. It never rose above that distance, and it was rather shaky at that height. Any person who cares to get a young lady to try the experiment will find that four feet is just the height to which, when sitting down, she can raise a light stool on her foot; yet Sir W. Barrett thinks that "the cleverest conjurer with elaborate apparatus" could not do the trick. The remarkable coincidence in height between the range of the medium's foot and the record altitude of the table does not receive consideration from

Dr. Crawford, nor does he ever seem to have precisely determined that the medium's feet were on the ground when the table was in the air. He was not allowed to touch her feet (or legs below the knees), because it would interfere with the mysterious " cantilever " which the spirit-engineers manufactured out of the medium's body to lift the table. He was not allowed to photograph the show, as the spirits declared it might injure the medium. Only on one occasion was the camera used, and we are told that the result was a decisive confirmation of the Spiritualist theory; but the spirits again seem to have exercised their veto, since, although several quite useless photographs are included in the book, this most valuable photograph is not. I believe it is exhibited at Spiritualist meetings in London with great effect.

What are we to say, then, of all the elaborate apparatus which Dr. Crawford used in his experiments? It is well known that this is profoundly impressive to believers. Dr. Crawford is a scientific man. He brought scales and gauges, electrical tests, and goodness knows what. He gives photographs of these things (not in action), and numbers of quite educated people think they settle the matter. In point of fact, they do settle it—the wrong way. The scales showed that when a ten-pound table rose, the medium's weight increased by almost ten pounds. An ounce or two of the weight was, apparently, transferred to another member of the circle. When the scale was put under the table, the weight of the table, as it rose, was registered, exactly as if some person put one foot on the pan of the scale, and with the other foot on this levered up the table. The electrical apparatus recorded the remarkable fact that, when the phenomena were in progress, something moved in the neighbourhood of the medium's leg. When the medium was put, in a chair, on a weighing-machine, and the spirits were asked to take matter out of her body and lay it on the floor, she decreased in weight by fifty-four pounds! And Dr. Crawford, instead of seeing that the trick could be done by the medium getting her toe to the floor and pushing, gravely concludes that the spirits had taken fifty-four pounds of flesh or bone out of a lady's body (or more than a third of the whole of it, though we are not told that she collapsed in the chair) in a few

minutes, and built it back into the structure in another few minutes.

The other phenomena are not more worthy of serious discussion. "Raps"—the commonest of manifestations—were abundant. Dr. Crawford made a sort of paper-drum, and requested the spirits to make an impression on it with their rapping apparatus. The impression which he got and describes is curiously like the impression of a human heel on a paper drum. He placed a saucer of putty on the floor, and asked for an impression in that. Again he declines to give us a photograph; but I have minutely studied his description of the impression, and tried the scientific experiment of getting a young lady to make an impression for me with her big toe, and there is little mystery left. So, when it is described how trumpets were put under the table and were lifted on to it by invisible powers, the description tallies remarkably with the way in which a trained foot would do it.

I must remind the reader that these things are pressed upon the public, not only by a young lecturer on science, but by Sir W. Barrett. They are quite the most impressive evidence in recent Spiritualist literature, according to all our Spiritualists. If we ignore them, we hear all the vituperation which these highly spiritual people have in store for us. But, in case the reader is not intimidated, and impatiently asks me to pass on, I will glance at the performances of Eusapia Palladino, which have converted more scientific men to the new mysticism than all the other mediums put together. If you do not believe in Palladino, you do not merit consideration. Either you never read her marvels, or you refuse to admit the plain truth.

Eusapia was a child of the peasantry of the Neapolitan district, who worked her way up until, though she could neither read nor write, she enjoyed the income of a good university professor. In early girlhood she was trained by an acrobat. Then the craze for Spiritualism spread over Italy, and she became a medium. A number of university men of Italy and France, and partly of England, Germany, and Russia, took her up, examined her for years, and assured the public that she had genuine telekinetic powers. I need consider here only her most familiar and most authentic feats. She sat before a light table, her hands and feet con-

trolled (that is to say, held down) by the professors, yet the table rose. Other tables, chairs, screens, etc., moved toward her from a distance.

It is admitted by everybody that she cheated, at least occasionally. Professor Morselli, her chief admirer, admits that fifteen per cent. of her phenomena were fraudulent, and ten per cent. questionable. It is important to see *how* she cheated. In Flammarion's house she was invited to depress the pan of a letter-balance by putting her hands on either side of it, as she commonly did. Flammarion, who prides himself on having exposed hundreds of mediums, saw nothing but the miracle; but a mere layman in the room saw her pull a hair from her head, and Flammarion afterwards found the hair on his carpet. She had stretched it between her hands, and thus brought down the scale again, as she commonly did. She "apported" a flowering branch of azalea at one sitting in Flammarion's house, and he afterwards found that it exactly fitted the plant in her own room.

Her main tricks were repeatedly exposed in the same way. Flammarion invited Professor Le Bon to see her levitate a table. Even the acute Le Bon was baffled, but not convinced. He lured Eusapia to his own house. There he made a cabinet for her, and he fitted up in it, or behind it, a secret illuminating apparatus. By the aid of this he plainly saw her use her foot for dragging furniture to her. When she was in America in 1910 Professor Münsterberg was invited to control her left foot. But a pupil of his secretly stole into the cabinet, and, at the first movement, grasped something. It was Eusapia's left foot. Yet from the minutes of the *séance* we learn that Münsterberg had been asked, a moment before, if he had her foot under control, and he had replied in the affirmative! No one could control Eusapia. She stipulated that one foot and one hand must be held lightly, as she was very sensitive in them. Then, as the contortions of her fraudulent "trance" increased, she released herself, and left the professors solemnly controlling each other, or two of them controlling *one* of her feet while she dragged furniture with the other.

She was thus convicted at every stage in her career. She was detected by Flammarion in 1892. She was thoroughly exposed at Cambridge in 1895. She was caught by Le Bon in 1897. She was shown by the General Psycho-

logical Institute at Paris in 1907 to trick and evade control constantly. She was utterly discredited at Columbia University in 1910. The professors of Columbia had prepared some very drastic apparatus for checking her, but they never used it. She was at once seen to be a fraud, and they disdainfully turned her down.

Probably this is enough for most people. If it is "the new science" to say that a medium did not cheat on a particular occasion because no one saw her cheat, though she had certainly done the same thing by trickery on other occasions, we prefer the old science. If both old and new science took up this position, we should prefer commonsense. The discovery of the *modus operandi* of a clever illusionist is rare and accidental. To say that the performance is genuine in every case in which the observer has not been lucky enough to detect the fraud is preposterous. Even where Eusapia Palladino's tricks were most difficult, there was always a circumstance that gave her away. Take the impression of a face in putty or plaster at some distance from her. She was supposed to be writhing in a trance, but she would suddenly and triumphantly cry: "E fatto." How did she know? Then, when they turned up the light and looked at the impression, it was invariably an impression of Eusapia's hand or face. How she reached the putty, or how she managed to get rid of traces on her face, are mere trifles in comparison with the difficulty of supposing, as these professors suppose, that she was able to create a face—a face with bone and muscle and hair corresponding entirely to her own—dip it in putty several feet away, and melt it again into nondescript parts of her own body in the course of a few minutes.

Sir A. C. Doyle accuses me in his latest deliverance of "meticulous criticism." If this is meticulous criticism, one wonders what a broad view is. On the very face of it, and if you go into the very heart of the matter, the theory of the new mysticism is absurd. All this plaintive talk about "orthodox science" obstructing the path of research is mere playing to the uneducated gallery. All concern about occult powers is intellectual morbidity. There is not even a *prima facie* case for investigation.

When these men go still further back, and endorse the ancient classics of the movement, our surprise is greater than

ever. To talk to-day of Stainton Moses, a curious type of adventurer, who took care that no critical eye ever saw his performances, is to defy the laws of evidence. To talk of the levitations and fire-carrying of Daniel Dunglas Home is like asking us seriously to examine the miracles of St. Patrick. But the professors of the new science are so steeped in miracle that they are prepared to endorse all these things. A medium, they seem to think, can do anything—except conjuring. So the insipid superstition of Spiritualism, which most of these men detest, feeds on them. I have lately had a controversy with Sir A. C. Doyle precisely on this point. They are all Spiritualists, he tells the public; "in varying degrees," he adds when you challenge him. They are in one respect worse. They pretend to reach their conclusions on the accepted principles and processes of science.

In fine, one may protest against another way in which they mislead the general public. They, like the Spiritualists, call every critic a Materialist, and hint or say that he refuses to investigate because he has laid down the dogma that matter only exists. I do not for a moment suggest that this is a horrid dogma which it is cruel to fasten upon any person. But the statement is not true. Sir Edwin Ray Lankester and the leading scientific opponents of Spiritualism and all this psychic nonsense are certainly not Materialists. They have no 'ism of the universe. Our remote descendants may enjoy that luxury, if they care, when man's knowledge of reality is simpler than it is to-day. Meantime, with a quite open mind to possibilities, let us keep sober. The general public is distracted and thoughtless enough just now without disinterring all the illusions of the Middle Ages to increase the confusion.

The Blind Man

By D. H. Lawrence

Isabel Pervin was listening for two sounds—for the sound of wheels on the drive outside and for the noise of her husband's footsteps in the hall. Her dearest and oldest friend, a man who seemed almost indispensable to her living, would drive up in the rainy dusk of the closing November day. The trap had gone to fetch him from the station. And her husband, who had been blinded in Flanders, and who had a disfiguring mark on his brow, would be coming in from the out-houses.

He had been home for a year now. He was totally blind. Yet they had been very happy. The Grange was Maurice's own place. The back was a farmstead, and the Wernhams, who occupied the rear premises, acted as farmers. Isabel lived with her husband in the handsome rooms in front. She and he had been almost entirely alone together since he was wounded. They talked and sang and read together in a wonderful and unspeakable intimacy. Then she reviewed books for a Scottish newspaper, carrying on her old interest, and he occupied himself a good deal with the farm. Sightless, he could still discuss everything with Wernham, and he could also do a good deal of work about the place, menial work, it is true, but it gave him satisfaction. He milked the cows, carried in the pails, turned the separator, attended to the pigs and horses. Life was still very full and strangely serene for the blind man, peaceful with the almost incomprehensible peace of immediate contact in darkness. With his wife he had a whole world, rich and real and invisible.

They were newly and remotely happy. He did not even regret the loss of his sight in these times of dark, palpable joy. A certain exultance swelled his soul.

But as time wore on, sometimes the rich glamour would leave them. Sometimes, after months of this intensity, a sense of burden overcame Isabel, a weariness, a terrible *ennui*, in that silent house approached between a colonnade of tall-shafted pines. Then she felt she would go mad, for

she could not bear it. And sometimes he had devastating fits of depression, which seemed to lay waste his whole being. It was worse than depression—a black misery, when his own life was a torture to him, and when his presence was unbearable to his wife. The dread went down to the roots of her soul as these black days recurred. In a kind of panic she tried to wrap herself up still further in her husband. She forced the old spontaneous cheerfulness and joy to continue. But the effort it cost her was almost too much. She knew she could not keep it up. She felt she would scream with the strain, and would give anything, anything, to escape. She longed to possess her husband utterly; it gave her inordinate joy to have him entirely to herself. And yet, when again he was gone in a black and massive misery, she could not bear him, she could not bear herself; she wished she could be snatched away off the earth altogether, anything rather than live at this cost.

Dazed, she schemed for a way out. She invited friends, she tried to give him some further connection with the outer world. But it was no good. After all their joy and suffering, after their dark, great year of blindness and solitude and unspeakable nearness, other people seemed to them both shallow, rattling, rather impertinent. Shallow prattle seemed presumptuous. He became impatient and irritated, she was wearied. And so they lapsed into their solitude again. For they preferred it.

But now, in a few weeks' time, her second baby would be born. The first had died, an infant, when her husband first went out to France. She looked with joy and relief to the coming of the second. It would be her salvation. But also she felt some anxiety. She was thirty years old, her husband was a year younger. They both wanted the child very much. Yet she could not help feeling afraid. She had her husband on her hands, a terrible joy to her, and a terrifying burden. The child would occupy her love and attention. And then, what of Maurice? What would he do? If only she could feel that he too would be at peace and happy when the child came! She did so want to luxuriate in a rich, physical satisfaction of maternity. But the man, what would he do? How could she provide for him, how avert those shattering black moods of his, which destroyed them both?

She sighed with fear. But at this time Bertie Reid wrote to Isabel. He was her old friend, a second or third cousin, a Scotchman, as she was a Scotchwoman. They had been brought up near to one another, and all her life he had been her friend, like a brother, but better than her own brothers. She loved him—though not in the marrying sense. There was a sort of kinship between them, an affinity. They understood one another instinctively. But Isabel would never have thought of marrying Bertie. It would have seemed like marrying in her own family.

Bertie was a barrister and a man of letters, a Scotchman of the intellectual type, quick, ironical, sentimental, and on his knees before the woman he adored but did not want to marry. Maurice Pervin was different. He came of a good old country family—the Grange was not a very great distance from Oxford. He was passionate, sensitive, perhaps over-sensitive, wincing—a big fellow with heavy limbs and a forehead that flushed painfully. For his mind was slow, as if drugged by the strong provincial blood that beat in his veins. He was very sensitive to his own mental slowness, his feelings being quick and acute. So that he was just the opposite to Bertie, whose mind was much quicker than his emotions, which were not so very fine.

From the first the two men did not like each other. Isabel felt that they *ought* to get on together. But they did not. She felt that if only each could have the clue to the other there would be such a rare understanding between them. It did not come off, however. Bertie adopted a slightly ironical attitude, very offensive to Maurice, who returned the Scotch irony with English resentment, a resentment which deepened sometimes into stupid hatred.

This was a little puzzling to Isabel. However, she accepted it in the course of things. Men were made freakish and unreasonable. Therefore, when Maurice was going out to France for the second time, she felt that, for her husband's sake, she must discontinue her friendship with Bertie. She wrote to the barrister to this effect. Bertram Reid simply replied that in this, as in all other matters, he must obey her wishes, if these were indeed her wishes.

For nearly two years nothing had passed between the two friends. Isabel rather gloried in the fact: she had no compunction. She had one great article of faith, which

was, that husband and wife should be so important to one another, that the rest of the world simply did not count. She and Maurice were husband and wife. They loved one another. They would have children. Then let everybody and everything else fade into insignificance outside this connubial felicity. She professed herself quite happy and ready to receive Maurice's friends. She was happy and ready: the happy wife, the ready woman in possession. Without knowing why, the friends retired abashed, and came no more. Maurice, of course, took as much satisfaction in this connubial absorption as Isabel did.

He shared in Isabel's literary activities, she cultivated a real interest in agriculture and cattle-raising. For she, being at heart perhaps a feeling enthusiast, always cultivated the practical side of life, and prided herself on her mastery of practical affairs. Thus the husband and wife had spent the five years of their married life. The last had been one of blindness and unspeakable intimacy. And now Isabel felt a great indifference coming over her, a sort of lethargy. She wanted to be allowed to bear her child in peace, to nod by the fire and drift vaguely, physically, from day to day. Maurice was like an ominous thunder-cloud. She had to keep waking up to remember him.

When a little note came from Bertie, asking if he were to put up a tombstone to their dead friendship, and speaking of the real pain he felt on account of her husband's loss of sight, she felt a pang, a fluttering agitation of re-awakening. And she read the letter to Maurice.

"Ask him to come down," he said.

"Ask Bertie to come here!" she re-echoed.

"Yes—if he wants to."

Isabel paused for a few moments.

"I know he wants to—he'd only be too glad," she replied. "But what about you, Maurice? How would you like it?"

"I should like it."

"Well—in that case—— But I thought you didn't care for him——"

"Oh, I don't know. I might think differently of him now," the blind man replied. It was rather abstruse to Isabel.

"Well, dear," she said, "if you're quite sure——"

"I'm sure enough. Let him come," said Maurice.

So Bertie was coming, coming this evening, in the November rain and darkness. Isabel was agitated, racked with her old restlessness and indecision. She had always suffered from this pain of doubt, just an agonising sense of uncertainty. It had begun to pass off, in the lethargy of maternity. Now it returned, and she resented it. She struggled as usual to maintain her calm, composed, friendly bearing, a sort of mask she wore over all her body.

A woman had lighted a tall lamp beside the table, and spread the cloth. The long dining-room was dim, with its elegant but rather severe pieces of old furniture. Only the round table glowed softly under the light. It had a rich, beautiful effect. The white cloth glistened and dropped its heavy, pointed lace corners almost to the carpet, the china was old and handsome, creamy-yellow, with a blotched pattern of harsh red and deep blue, the cups large and bell-shaped, the teapot gallant. Isabel looked at it with superficial appreciation.

Her nerves were hurting her. She looked automatically again at the high, uncurtained windows. In the last dusk she could just perceive outside a huge fir-tree swaying its boughs: it was as if she thought it rather than saw it. The rain came flying on the window panes. Ah, why had she no peace? These two men, why did they tear at her? Why did they not come—why was there this suspense?

She sat in a lassitude that was really suspense and irritation. Maurice, at least, might come in—there was nothing to keep him out. She rose to her feet. Catching sight of her reflection in a mirror, she glanced at herself with a slight smile of recognition, as if she were an old friend to herself. Her face was oval and calm, her nose a little arched. Her neck made a beautiful line down to her shoulder. With hair knotted loosely behind, she had something of a warm, maternal look. Thinking this of herself, she arched her eyebrows and her rather heavy eye-lids, with a little flicker of a smile, and for a moment her grey eyes looked amused and wicked, a little sardonic, out of her transfigured Madonna face.

Then, resuming her air of womanly patience—she was really fatally self-determined—she went with a little jerk towards the door. Her eyes were slightly reddened.

She passed down the wide hall, and through a door at the end. Then she was in the farm premises. The scent of dairy, and of farm-kitchen, and of farm-yard and of leather almost overcame her: but particularly the scent of dairy. They had been scalding out the pans. The flagged passage in front of her was dark, puddled and wet. Light came out from the open kitchen door. She went forward and stood in the doorway. The farm-people were at tea, seated at a little distance from her, round a long, narrow table, in the centre of which stood a white lamp. Ruddy faces, ruddy hands holding food, red mouths working, heads bent over the tea-cups: men, land-girls, boys: it was tea-time, feeding-time. Some faces caught sight of her. Mrs. Wernham, going round behind the chairs with a large black tea-pot, halting slightly in her walk, was not aware of her for a moment. Then she turned suddenly.

"Oh, is it Madam!" she exclaimed. "Come in, then, come in! We're at tea." And she dragged forward a chair.

"No, I won't come in," said Isabel. "I'm afraid I interrupt your meal."

"No—no—not likely, Madam, not likely."

"Hasn't Mr. Pervin come in, do you know?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say! Missed him, have you, Madam?"

"No, I only wanted him to come in," laughed Isabel, as if shyly.

"Wanted him, did ye? Get up, boy—get up, now——"

Mrs. Wernham knocked one of the boys on the shoulder. He began to scrape to his feet, chewing largely.

"I believe he's in top stable," said another face from the table.

"Ah! No, don't get up. I'm going myself," said Isabel.

"Don't you go out of a dirty night like this. Let the lad go. Get along wi' ye, boy," said Mrs. Wernham.

"No, no," said Isabel, with a decision that was always obeyed. "Go on with your tea, Tom. I'd like to go across to the stable, Mrs. Wernham."

"Did ever you hear tell!" exclaimed the woman.

"Isn't the trap late?" asked Isabel.

'Why, no," said Mrs. Wernham, peering into the dis-

tance at the tall, dim clock. "No, Madam—we can give it another quarter or twenty minutes yet, good—yes, every bit of a quarter."

"Ah! It seems late when darkness falls so early," said Isabel.

"It do, that it do. Bother the days, that they draw in so," answered Mrs. Wernham. "Proper miserable!"

"They are," said Isabel, withdrawing.

She pulled on her overshoes, wrapped a large Tartan shawl around her, put on a man's felt hat, and ventured out along the causeways of the first yard. It was very dark. The wind was roaring in the great elms behind the outhouses. When she came to the second yard the darkness seemed deeper. She was unsure of her footing. She wished she had brought a lantern. Rain blew against her. Half she liked it, half she felt unwilling to battle.

She reached at last the just visible door of the stable. There was no sign of a light anywhere. Opening the upper half, she looked in: into a simple well of darkness. The smell of horses, and ammonia, and of warmth was startling to her, in that full night. She listened with all her ears, but could hear nothing save the night, and the stirring of a horse.

"Maurice!" she called, softly and musically, though she was afraid. "Maurice—are you there?"

Nothing came from the darkness. She knew the rain and wind blew in upon the horses, the hot animal life. Feeling it wrong, she entered the stable, and drew the lower half of the door shut, holding the upper part close. She did not stir, because she was aware of the presence of the dark hind-quarters of the horses, though she could not see them, and she was afraid. Something wild stirred in her heart.

She listened intensely. Then she heard a small noise in the distance—far away, it seemed—the chink of a pan, and a man's voice speaking a brief word. It would be Maurice, in the other part of the stable. She stood motionless, waiting for him to come through the partition door. The horses were so terrifyingly near to her, in the invisible.

The loud jarring of the inner door-latch made her start; the door was opened. She could hear and feel her husband entering and invisibly passing among the horses near to her,

darkness as they were, actively intermingled. The rather low sound of his voice as he spoke to the horses came velvety to her nerves. How near he was, and how invisible! The darkness seemed to be in a strange swirl of violent life, just upon her. She turned giddy.

Her presence of mind made her call, quietly and musically:

"Maurice! Maurice—dea-ar!"

"Yes," he answered. "Isabel?"

She saw nothing, and the sound of his voice seemed to touch her.

"Hello!" she answered cheerfully, straining her eyes to see him. He was still busy, attending to the horses near her, but she saw only darkness. It made her almost desperate.

"Won't you come in, dear?" she said.

"Yes, I'm coming. Just half a minute. *Stand over —now!* Trap's not come, has it?"

"Not yet," said Isabel.

His voice was pleasant and ordinary, but it had a slight suggestion of the stable to her. She wished he would come away. Whilst he was so utterly invisible, she was afraid of him.

"How's the time?" he asked.

"Not yet six," she replied. She disliked to answer into the dark. Presently he came very near to her, and she retreated out of doors.

"The weather blows in here," he said, coming steadily forward, feeling for the doors. She shrank away. At last she could dimly see him.

"Bertie won't have much of a drive," he said, as he closed the doors.

"He won't, indeed!" said Isabel calmly, watching the dark shape at the door.

"Give me your arm, dear," she said.

She pressed his arm close to her, as she went. But she longed to see him, to look at him. She was nervous. He walked erect, with face rather lifted, but with a curious tentative movement of his powerful, muscular legs. She could feel the clever, careful, strong contact of his feet with the earth, as she balanced against him. For a moment he was a tower of darkness to her, as if he rose out of the earth.

In the house-passage he wavered, and went cautiously, with a curious look of silence about him as he felt for the bench. Then he sat down heavily. He was a man with rather sloping shoulders, but with heavy limbs, powerful legs that seemed to know the earth. His head was small, usually carried high and light. As he bent down to unfasten his gaiters and boots, he did not look blind. His hair was brown and crisp, his hands were large, reddish, intelligent, the veins stood out in the wrists; and his thighs and knees seemed massive. When he stood up his face and neck were surcharged with blood, the veins stood out on his temples. She did not look at his blindness.

Isabel was always glad when they had passed through the dividing door, into their own regions of repose and beauty. She was a little afraid of him, out there in the animal grossness of the back. His bearing also changed, as he smelt the familiar, indefinable odour that pervaded his wife's surroundings, a delicate, refined scent, very faintly spicy. Perhaps it came from the pot-pourri bowls.

He stood at the foot of the stairs, arrested, listening. She watched him, and her heart sickened. He seemed to be listening to fate.

"He's not here yet," he said. "I'll go up and change."

"Maurice," she said, "you're not wishing he wouldn't come, are you?"

"I couldn't quite say," he answered. "I feel myself rather on the *qui vive*."

"I can see you are," she answered. And she reached up and kissed his cheek. She saw his mouth relax into a slow smile.

"What are you laughing at?" she said, roguishly.

"You consoling me," he answered.

"Nay," she answered. "Why should I console you? You know we love each other—you know *how* married we are! What does anything else matter?"

"Nothing at all, my dear."

He felt for her face, and touched it, smiling.

"*You're* all right, aren't you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I'm wonderfully all right, love," she answered. "It's you I am a little troubled about, at times."

"Why me?" he said, touching her cheeks delicately

with the tips of his fingers. The touch had an almost hypnotising effect on her.

He went away upstairs. She saw him mount into the darkness, unseeing and unchanging. He did not know that the lamps on the upper corridor were unlighted. He went on into the darkness with unchanging step. She heard him in the bath-room.

Pervin moved about almost unconsciously in his familiar surroundings, dark though everything was. He seemed to know the presence of objects before he touched them. It was a pleasure to him to rock thus through a world of things, carried on the flood in a sort of blood-prescience. He did not think much or trouble much. So long as he kept this sheer immediacy of blood-contact with the substantial world he was happy, he wanted no intervention of visual consciousness. In this state there was a certain rich positivity, bordering sometimes on rapture. Life seemed to move in him like a tide lapping, lapping, and advancing, enveloping all things darkly. It was a pleasure to stretch forth the hand and meet the unseen object, clasp it, and possess it in pure contact. He did not try to remember, to visualise. He did not want to. The new way of consciousness substituted itself in him.

The rich suffusion of this state generally kept him happy, reaching its culmination in the consuming passion for his wife. But at times the flow would seem to be checked and thrown back. Then it would beat inside him like a tangled sea, and he was tortured in the shattered chaos of his own blood. He grew to dread this arrest, this throwback, this chaos inside himself, when he seemed merely at the mercy of his own powerful and conflicting elements. How to get some measure of control or surety, this was the question. And when the question rose maddening in him, he would clench his fists as if he would *compel* the whole universe to submit to him. But it was in vain. He could not even compel himself.

To-night, however, he was still serene, though little tremors of unreasonable exasperation ran through him. He had to handle the razor very carefully, as he shaved, for it was not at one with him, he was afraid of it. His hearing also was too much sharpened. He heard the woman lighting the lamps on the corridor, and attending to the fire in

the visitors' room. And then, as he went to his room, he heard the trap arrive. Then came Isabel's voice, lifted and calling, like a bell ringing:

"Is it you, Bertie? Have you come?"

And a man's voice answered out of the wind:

"Hello, Isabel! There you are."

"Have you had a miserable drive? I'm so sorry we couldn't send a closed carriage. I can't see you at all, you know."

"I'm coming. No, I liked the drive—it was like Perthshire. Well, how are you? You're looking fit as ever, as far as I can see."

"Oh, yes," said Isabel. "I'm wonderfully well. How are you? Rather thin, I think——"

"Worked to death—everybody's old cry. But I'm all right, Ciss. How's Pervin?—isn't he here?"

"Oh, yes, he's upstairs changing. Yes, he's awfully well. Take off your wet things; I'll send them to be dried."

"And how are you both, in spirits? He doesn't fret?"

"No—no, not at all. No, on the contrary, really. We've been wonderfully happy, incredibly. It's more than I can understand—so wonderful: the nearness, and the peace——"

"Ah! Well, that's awfully good news——"

They moved away. Pervin heard no more. But a childish sense of desolation had come over him, as he heard their brisk voices. He seemed shut out—like a child that is left out. He was aimless and excluded, he did not know what to do with himself. The helpless desolation came over him. He fumbled nervously as he dressed himself, in a state almost of childishness. He disliked the Scotch accent in Bertie's speech, and the slight response it found on Isabel's tongue. He disliked the slight purr of complacency in the Scottish speech. He disliked intensely the glib way in which Isabel spoke of their happiness and nearness. It made him recoil. He was fretful and beside himself like a child, he had almost a childish nostalgia to be included in the life circle. And at the same time he was a man, dark and powerful and infuriated by his own weakness. By some fatal flaw, he could not be by himself, he had to depend on the support of another. And this very dependence enraged him. He hated Bertie Reid, and

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at the same time he knew the hatred was nonsense, he knew it was the outcome of his own weakness.

He went downstairs. Isabel was alone in the dining-room. She watched him enter, head erect, his feet tentative. He looked so strong-blooded and healthy, and, at the same time, cancelled. Cancelled—that was the word that flew across her mind. Perhaps it was his scar suggested it.

"You heard Bertie come, Maurice?" she said.

"Yes—isn't he here?"

"He's in his room. He looks very thin and worn."

"I suppose he works himself to death."

A woman came in with a tray—and after a few minutes Bertie came down. He was a little dark man, with a very big forehead, thin, wispy hair, and sad, large eyes. His expression was inordinately sad—almost funny. He had odd, short legs.

Isabel watched him hesitate under the door, and glance nervously at her husband. Pervin heard him and turned.

"Here you are, now," said Isabel. "Come, let us eat."

Bertie went across to Maurice.

"How are you, Pervin?" he said, as he advanced.

The blind man stuck his hand out into space, and Bertie took it.

"Very fit. Glad you've come," said Maurice.

Isabel glanced at them, and glanced away, as if she could not bear to see them.

"Come," she said. "Come to table. Aren't you both awfully hungry? I am, tremendously."

"I'm afraid you waited for me," said Bertie, as they sat down.

Maurice had a curious monolithic way of sitting in a chair, erect and distant. Isabel's heart always beat when she caught sight of him thus.

"No," she replied to Bertie. "We're very little later than usual. We're having a sort of high tea, not dinner. Do you mind? It gives us such a nice long evening, uninterrupted."

"I like it," said Bertie.

Maurice was feeling, with curious little movements, almost like a cat kneading her bed, for his plate, his knife and fork, his napkin. He was getting the whole geography of his cover into his consciousness. He sat erect and in-

scrutable, remote-seeming. Bertie watched the static figure of the blind man, the delicate tactile discernment of the large, ruddy hands, and the curious mindless silence of the brow, above the scar. With difficulty he looked away, and without knowing what he did, picked up a little crystal bowl of violets from the table, and held them to his nose.

"They are sweet-scented," he said. "Where do they come from?"

"From the garden—under the windows," said Isabel.

"So late in the year—and so fragrant! Do you remember the violets under Aunt Bell's south wall?"

The two friends looked at each other and exchanged a smile, Isabel's eyes lighting up.

"Don't I?" she replied. "*Wasn't* she queer!"

"A curious old girl," laughed Bertie. "There's a streak of freakishness in the family, Isabel."

"Ah—but not in you and me, Bertie," said Isabel. "Give them to Maurice, will you?" she added, as Bertie was putting down the flowers. "Have you smelled the violets, dear? Do!—they are so scented."

Maurice held out his hand, and Bertie placed the tiny bowl against his large, warm-looking fingers. Maurice's hand closed over the thin white fingers of the barrister. Bertie carefully extricated himself. Then the two watched the blind man smelling the violets. He bent his head and seemed to be thinking. Isabel waited.

"Aren't they sweet, Maurice?" she said at last, anxiously.

"Very," he said. And he held out the bowl. Bertie took it. Both he and Isabel were a little afraid, and deeply disturbed.

The meal continued. Isabel and Bertie chatted spasmodically. The blind man was silent. He touched his food repeatedly, with quick, delicate touches of his knife-point, then cut irregular bits. He could not bear to be helped. Both Isabel and Bertie suffered: Isabel wondered why. She did not suffer when she was alone with Maurice. Bertie made her conscious of a strangeness.

After the meal the three drew their chairs to the fire, and sat down to talk. The decanters were put on a table near at hand. Isabel knocked the logs on the fire, and

clouds of brilliant sparks went up the chimney. Bertie noticed a slight weariness in her bearing.

"You will be glad when your child comes now, Isabel?" he said.

She looked up to him with a quick, wan smile.

"Yes, I shall be glad," she answered. "It begins to seem long. Yes, I shall be very glad. So will you, Maurice, won't you?" she added.

"Yes, I shall," replied her husband.

"We are both looking forward so much to having it," she said.

"Yes, of course," said Bertie.

He was a bachelor, three or four years older than Isabel. He lived in beautiful rooms overlooking the river, guarded by a faithful Scottish man-servant. And he had his friends among the fair sex—not lovers, friends. So long as he could avoid any danger of courtship or marriage, he adored a few good women with constant and unfailing homage, and he was chivalrously fond of quite a number. But if they seemed to encroach on him, he withdrew and detested them.

Isabel knew him very well, knew his beautiful constancy, and kindness, also his incurable weakness, which made him unable ever to enter into close contact of any sort. He was ashamed of himself, because he could not marry, could not approach women physically. He wanted to do so. But he could not. At the centre of him he was afraid, helplessly and even brutally afraid. He had given up hope, had ceased to expect any more that he could escape his own weakness. Hence he was a brilliant and successful barrister, also a *littérateur* of high repute, a rich man, and a great social success. At the centre he felt himself neuter, nothing.

Isabel knew him well. She despised him even while she admired him. She looked at his sad face, his little short legs, and felt contempt of him. She looked at his dark grey eyes, with their uncanny, almost childlike intuition, and she loved him. He understood amazingly—but she had no fear of his understanding. As a man she despised him.

And she turned to the impassive, silent figure of her husband. He sat leaning back, with folded arms, and face a little uptilted. His knees were straight and massive.

She sighed, picked up the poker, and again began to prod the fire, to rouse the clouds of soft brilliant sparks.

"Isabel tells me," Bertie began suddenly, "that you have not suffered unbearably from the loss of sight."

Maurice straightened himself to attend, but kept his arms folded.

"No," he said, "not unbearably. Now and again one struggles against it, you know. But there are compensations."

"They say it is much worse to be stone deaf," said Isabel.

"I believe it is," said Bertie. "Are there compensations?" he added, to Maurice.

"Yes. You cease to bother about a great many things." Again Maurice stretched his figure, stretched the strong muscles of his back, and leaned backwards, with uplifted face.

"And that is a relief," said Bertie. "But what is there in place of the bothering? What replaces the activity?"

There was a pause. At length the blind man replied, as out of a negligent, unattentive thinking:

"Oh, I don't know. There's a good deal when you're not active."

"Is there?" said Bertie. "What, exactly? It always seems to me that when there is no thought and no action, there is nothing."

Again Maurice was slow in replying.

"There is something," he replied. "I couldn't tell you what it is."

And the talk lapsed once more, Isabel and Bertie chatting gossip and reminiscence, the blind man silent.

At length Maurice rose restlessly, a big, obtrusive figure. He felt tight and hampered. He wanted to go away.

"Do you mind," he said, "if I go and speak to Wernham?"

"No—go along, dear," said Isabel.

And he went out. A silence came over the two friends. At length Bertie said:

"Nevertheless, it is a great deprivation, Cissie."

"It is, Bertie. I know it is."

"Something lacking all the time," said Bertie.

"Yes, I know. And yet—and yet—Maurice is right.

There is something else, something *there*, which you never knew was there, and which you can't express."

"What is there?" asked Bertie.

"I don't know—it's awfully hard to define it—but something strong and immediate. There's something strange in Maurice's presence—indefinable—but I couldn't do without it. I agree that it seems to put one's mind to sleep. But when we're alone I miss nothing; it seems awfully rich, almost splendid, you know."

"I'm afraid I don't follow," said Bertie.

They talked desultorily. The wind blew loudly outside, rain chattered on the window-panes, making a sharp drum-sound, because of the closed, mellow-golden shutters inside. The logs burned slowly, with hot, almost invisible small flames. Bertie seemed uneasy, there were dark circles round his eyes. Isabel, rich with her approaching maternity, leaned looking into the fire. Her hair curled in odd, loose strands, very pleasing to the man. But she had a curious feeling of old woe in her heart, old, timeless night-woe.

"I suppose we're all deficient somewhere," said Bertie.

"I suppose so," said Isabel wearily.

"Damned, sooner or later."

"I don't know," she said, rousing herself. "I feel quite all right, you know. The child coming seems to make me indifferent to everything, just placid. I can't feel that there's anything to trouble about, you know."

"A good thing, I should say," he replied slowly.

"Well, there it is. I suppose it's just Nature. If only I felt I needn't trouble about Maurice, I should be perfectly content——"

"But you feel you must trouble about him?"

"Well—I don't know——" She even resented this much effort.

The night passed slowly. Isabel looked at the clock.

"I say," she said. "It's nearly ten o'clock. Where can Maurice be? I'm sure they're all in bed at the back. Excuse me a moment."

She went out, returning almost immediately.

"It's all shut up and in darkness," she said. "I wonder where he is. He must have gone out to the farm——"

Bertie looked at her.

"I suppose he'll come in," he said.

"I suppose so," she said. "But it's unusual for him to be out now."

"Would you like me to go out and see?"

"Well—if you wouldn't mind. I'd go, but——" She did not want to make the physical effort.

Bertie put on an old overcoat and took a lantern. He went out from the side door. He shrank from the wet and roaring night. Such weather had a nervous effect on him: too much moisture everywhere made him feel almost imbecile. Unwilling, he went through it all. A dog barked violently at him. He peered in all the buildings. At last, as he opened the upper door of a sort of intermediate barn, he heard a grinding noise, and looking in, holding up his lantern, saw Maurice, in his shirt-sleeves, standing listening, holding the handle of a turnip-pulper. He had been pulping sweet roots, a pile of which lay dimly heaped in a corner behind him.

"That you, Wernham?" said Maurice, listening.

"No, it's me," said Bertie.

A large, half-wild grey cat was rubbing at Maurice's leg. The blind man stooped to rub its sides. Bertie watched the scene, then unconsciously entered and shut the door behind him. He was in a high sort of barn-place, from which, right and left, ran off the corridors in front of the stalled cattle. He watched the slow, stooping motion of the other man, as he caressed the great cat.

Maurice straightened himself.

"You came to look for me?" he said.

"Isabel was a little uneasy," said Bertie.

"I'll come in. I like messing about doing these jobs."

The cat had reared her sinister, feline length against his leg, clawing at his thigh affectionately. He lifted her claws out of his flesh.

"I hope I'm not in your way at all at the Grange here," said Bertie, rather shy and stiff.

"My way? No, not a bit. I'm glad Isabel has somebody to talk to. I'm afraid it's I who am in the way. I know I'm not very lively company. Isabel's all right don't you think? She's not unhappy, is she?"

"I don't think so."

"What does she say?"

"She says she's very content—only a little troubled about you."

"Why me?"

"Perhaps afraid that you might brood," said Bertie, cautiously.

"She needn't be afraid of that." He continued to caress the flattened grey head of the cat with his fingers. "What I am a bit afraid of," he resumed, "is that she'll find me a dead weight, always alone with me down here."

"I don't think you need think that," said Bertie, though this was what he feared himself.

"I don't know," said Maurice. "Sometimes I feel it isn't fair that she's saddled with me." Then he dropped his voice curiously. "I say," he asked, secretly struggling, "is my face much disfigured? Do you mind telling me?"

"There is the scar," said Bertie, wondering. "Yes, it is a disfigurement. But more pitiable than shocking."

"A pretty bad scar, though," said Maurice.

"Oh, yes."

There was a pause.

"Sometimes I feel I am horrible," said Maurice, in a low voice, talking as if to himself. And Bertie actually felt a quiver of horror.

"That's nonsense," he said.

Maurice again straightened himself, leaving the cat.

"There's no telling," he said. Then again, in an odd tone, he added: "I don't really know you, do I?"

"Probably not," said Bertie.

"Do you mind if I touch you?"

The lawyer shrank away instinctively. And yet, out of very philanthropy, he said, in a small voice: "Not at all."

But he suffered as the blind man stretched out a strong, naked hand to him. Maurice accidentally knocked off Bertie's hat.

"I thought you were taller," he said, starting. Then he laid his hand on Bertie Reid's head, closing the dome of the skull in a soft, firm grasp, gathering it, as it were; then, shifting his grasp and softly closing again, with a fine, close pressure, till he had covered the skull and the face of the smaller man, tracing the brows, and touching the full, closed eyes, touching the small nose and the nostrils, the rough, short moustache, the mouth, the rather strong chin.

The hand of the blind man grasped the shoulder, the arm, the hand of the other man. He seemed to take him, in the soft, travelling grasp.

"You seem young," he said quietly, at last.

The lawyer stood almost annihilated, unable to answer.

"Your head seems tender, as if you were young," Maurice repeated. "So do your hands. Touch my eyes, will you?—touch my scar."

Now Bertie quivered with revulsion. Yet he was under the power of the blind man, as if hypnotised. He lifted his hand, and laid the fingers on the scar, on the scarred eyes. Maurice suddenly covered them with his own hand, pressed the fingers of the other man upon his disfigured eye-sockets, trembling in every fibre, and rocking slightly, slowly, from side to side. He remained thus for a minute or more, whilst Bertie stood as if in a swoon, unconscious, imprisoned.

Then suddenly Maurice removed the hand of the other man from his brow, and stood holding it in his own.

"Oh, my God," he said, "we shall know each other now, shan't we? We shall know each other now."

Bertie could not answer. He gazed mute and terror-struck, overcome by his own weakness. He knew he could not answer. He had an unreasonable fear, lest the other man should suddenly destroy him. Whereas Maurice was actually filled with hot, poignant love, the passion of friendship. Perhaps it was this very passion of friendship which Bertie shrank from most.

"We're all right together now, aren't we?" said Maurice. "It's all right now, as long as we live, so far as we're concerned?"

"Yes," said Bertie, trying by any means to escape.

Maurice stood with head lifted, as if listening. The new delicate fulfilment of mortal friendship had come as a revelation and surprise to him, something exquisite and unhoped-for. He seemed to be listening to hear if it were real.

Then he turned for his coat.

"Come," he said, "we'll go to Isabel."

Bertie took the lantern and opened the door. The cat disappeared. The two men went in silence along the causeways. Isabel, as they came, thought their footsteps

sounded strange. She looked up pathetically and anxiously for their entrance. There seemed a curious elation about Maurice. Bertie was haggard, with sunken eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"We've become friends," said Maurice, standing with his feet apart, like a strange colossus.

"Friends!" re-echoed Isabel. And she looked again at Bertie. He met her eyes with a furtive, haggard look; his eyes were as if glazed with misery.

"I'm so glad," she said, in sheer perplexity.

"Yes," said Maurice.

He was indeed so glad. Isabel took his hand with both hers, and held it fast.

"You'll be happier now, dear," she said.

But she was watching Bertie. She knew that he had one desire—to escape from this intimacy, this friendship, which had been thrust upon him. He could not bear it that he had been touched by the blind man, his insane reserve broken in. He was like a mollusc whose shell is broken.

Confined as a Lunatic (ii)

By "Oxonian"

At 6.30 a huge young woman burst into my cubicle and flung back the heavy shutters of my window, and the sounds of ordinary household labour began to reach me from all quarters of the ward. I found that there were no servants other than the so-called attendants or nurses, and these were mostly rough, untrained girls of the inferior servant class, whose chief characteristic seemed to be their size and weight. They moved about noisily, and there was much banging of furniture, which must have made sleep impossible to any patient from the moment they came on duty. At 8.30 breakfast was brought to me, and the dread of physical collapse made me swallow some portion of it. After a time I could hear the inmates being herded together again, and later they trooped out wearily into the airing-court, with squabbling noises, in which the parrot joined volubly.

Dr. Marks came and stood in my doorway and grinned down at me. I told him I had had no sleep, and protested at the hideous nature of my "Rest Cure," demanding my clothes and my freedom. He replied with a sneer that I "couldn't expect to get well in a minute." Again I asked him, quailing, what he meant by "getting well," adding that nothing was the matter till the moment when I signed the Voluntary Boarder document, and realised that my hand was shaking. He looked delighted, and said gaily, "Well, doesn't that prove that there's something amiss, and that ye're in need of treatment?" I repressed with a violent effort the towering indignation and fear that were rising in me, and asked if a doctor's idea of a rest cure was the inducing of insomnia by the hellish sounds and sights I had endured. He said, "We're quite accustomed to hear people talk like that! I want ye to *conquer* the noises." And he left me.

It was always the same. Protests and prayers brought swift punishment—the ready, terrifying insinuation that all was accounted for by one's "mental condition." None can know the intolerable strain of that mean and wicked torture but those whom it has half destroyed.

The days and nights went on and on. Sometimes the obscenities grew fouler; sometimes there was a lull. Had I known of a certain evil statute, enabling Private Asylum Superintendents to employ two local agents instead of one's "Usual Medical Attendant" after seven days have elapsed in the trap prepared, I should have known the reason of this week of shattering anguish, and known that a door of escape was open to me. But so ignorant was I of all the machinery by which this unclean traffic is carried on, that I did not even know that it is through doctors, and doctors only, that this machinery can be put into operation. And so I closed that door upon myself "according to plan."

The nameless horrors that filled the days and nights; the ceaseless mad piano-strumming at my head; the aching sleeplessness, unbroken even by drugs; the bewildered sense of betrayal, rising at times to wildest anguish, produced at last a mild light-headedness, to which in the endless nights I began to look forward. One morning, after such a night, the ward being deserted, and I lying in a kind of peace, a man in khaki was brought to my cubicle, and Dr. Marks grinned down at me. "Now," said he, "you've asked to see someone from the outside world. I've brought you Captain W——." Weak tears came into my eyes. This pitying kindness of a fighting man moved me profoundly. I begged him to stay and talk to me a little. After ten minutes of conversation, in which eagerness to explain my shameful situation soon overcame the sense of prostrate weakness, Dr. Marks re-appeared, and they went away together. Long afterwards I saw the bill for a guinea for the Certificate of Insanity the gallant captain had come to supply. He was a doctor in the R.A.M.C.

That night the longed-for light-headedness evaded me, and in the early morning, my door having been left open for some reason I have never discovered, I tried to walk in the empty corridor. But I fainted and fell, and the night-attendant, hurrying in, called for assistance and carried me,

with a gentleness that touched me, back to my bed. Towards midday Dr. Marks arrived with another doctor, who questioned me about my fall. I told him it was the cruelty and wickedness of my "Rest Cure" that was prostrating me, and he went away angry. Still no slightest suspicion of the truth entered my mind. The "symptoms of insanity observed" by him are that I "took a morbid view of everything," that I "quoted the Bible," and that I said I "lived for the war, but had no relatives there"; with three other similar "symptoms." (The space provided for "symptoms of insanity observed by others" is conspicuously *blank* in both Certificates.) The Certificate form provides space for his "conclusion," and permits the choice of three terms, the last of which is usually reserved by the medical profession for cases of gross obscenity. He selected that term for branding me.

On looking back upon that week in hell in the light of the devilish truths that nearly destroyed my reason, it seems almost incredible that I can have lived through it without suspicion of the ghoulish purpose with which all that suffering was inflicted upon me. Yet even now there are times when I almost refuse to believe that the inducing of "certifiable symptoms," in order to secure my indefinite incarceration, was deliberately planned. Doctors of the lower type have a singular faculty for hypnotising themselves into the belief that "treatment" in their terrible institutions is valuable as "discipline" for those whose mentality is at variance with their own. And the "Asylum Experts" who achieved my branding with such evil ingenuity were quick to clear their consciences of wanton cruelty so soon as their purpose was attained, and I was safely in their trap.

On the morning following the second doctor's visit, Dr. Marks came into my cubicle with a very unfamiliar smile upon his face. It was a kindly smile, and in an instant my heart leapt with a stupendous hope. And then the incredible words came: "You are to have your clothes this afternoon and come into Ward I. You'll have a specially quiet front room, and I hope you'll sleep well. You want fattening up, too! I'll see to that."

I had heard from the young Irish attendant how "lovely" Ward I. was, and that the patients seemed to be living out of doors and enjoying themselves mightily. I was very weak, and needed help in dressing. But the intoxicating sense of emerging sane from that hell of terrified foreboding was like strong wine in me, and my first afternoon in my changed surroundings was one of the happiest of my life.

The appointments of the ward were extremely handsome and even luxurious. My little bedroom was clean and dainty, and from the sunny lawn outside came the soothing, poetic sound of a great mowing-machine drawn by a patient horse. In that first hour of exaltation I was incapable of observing the features of ugliness and pain which later impressed themselves on my senses, to the exclusion of all beauty or of peace of mind. My companions at first seemed all entirely sane, and much kindness and courtesy had been extended to me from the moment of arrival. I found afterwards that many of them exhibited trifling peculiarities, and a few of them amazing delusions and exasperating habits and manners. But there were others whose strained, unhappy faces told a story of which the full meaning was hidden from me in the first few days of stupefied relief: these were just trapped victims like myself, expiating in months or years of despair and ignominy the folly of their trust in human nature.

There was a plentiful supply of newspapers and magazines in the large drawing-room, and after tea I settled myself, with some of these, on one of the numerous sofas. A gentle old lady brought me an extra cushion, saying that I looked "so fragile," I must let myself be waited on; and, after a few minutes of lively conversation, she left me to read a novel she had recommended. It was a light romantic work, very pleasing in style. But, to my distress, I found I could not read it without a painful effort. After half-an-hour, an irresistible restlessness seized me, and the knowledge came upon me like a thunder-clap that I was indeed very ill, and that nothing but many nights of sleep could restore me. But lately, alas! as each night had approached, the almost desperate desire for sleep had stirred me to a sort of excitement which, even in the few quiet intervals, rendered sleep impossible. I left my sofa and

sat at the window, and listened to a heated argument on gardening between two slightly demented, middle-aged women. The queer personalities they resorted to amused me, and the sick feeling of prostration vanished again. Supper, which was served in the great hall on the first floor, was not unwelcome; and the contrast between the quiet orderliness of the night preparations and the noisy indecencies I had left behind me again induced a blissful sense of well-being. But when lights were turned out, and the long night stretched before me, the tense wakeful feeling took possession of me again, and my only hope of sleep lay in the drug that Dr. Marks had prescribed at my urgent request. I was still wide awake when the clock outside my room struck one, but before the quarter sounded the drug had done its work. At two I awoke to find a small lantern flashed in my face, and the night-attendant looking down at me.

That was the end of my sleep that night. Again a sense of wanton cruelty seized me, and every nerve in my body started into tingling life.

It was my fifth day in Ward I., and as the buoyant sense of escape from the Infirmary was still strong in me, and as the glorious weather permitted several hours of outdoor rest or exercise, I was beginning to think that perhaps I had better "stick it" for another week. For my appearance in the mirror of my little bedroom had staggered me: I could not go home with such hollow eyes and livid lips and cheeks. I was interested, too, in the many "types" in Ward I., and my interest was not tragic —yet. I had made great friends with the other "Voluntary Boarder," Mrs. Beresford, and meant to hear her story before I left. I must know what sinister forces had compelled her "voluntary" endurance of this existence.

I was sitting with her that morning on the pleasant tennis-ground when a girl-attendant came up with a message from Dr. Winton, the Superintendent—he wanted a few details of information. I gave them, remarking on their queer, disconnected character to Mrs. Beresford. I was not to know the use to which my information was put till two years later, when I saw at last the original Petition,

then being "contrived" in the Superintendent's office. (Under the law, the Petition and a certain essential document attached to it must both be issued by the "petitioner," a relative. But my petitioner was a hundred miles away, and this was the last day available for legally branding me a lunatic. So the documents were filled in by "those in charge of me." The forging of his signature was not necessary, because in the official "copies," under which the stigma was fastened on me and my indefinite incarceration secured, it could be supplied by a clerk, together with various necessary changes of date, etc., by a remarkable series of "purely clerical errors.")

It is not possible in a few hundred words to convey even the vaguest notion of the unsuspected machinery by which this strange torture known as Mental Treatment (with its accompanying lifelong stigma) is inflicted in secret upon sane and capable men and women whose actions have violated the conventional standards of those with whom they live, and have given rise to the determination to "steady" them at all costs. I do not think that deliberate foul play is often perpetrated, though it undoubtedly is at times (and the present Lunacy Laws offer an almost absolute safeguard to the perpetrators, as has recently been made plain by the Lord Chief Justice himself*). A gust of anger, a hasty talk with a doctor, a little professional bias with its resulting "little mistake," a perfunctory "Magistrate's Order": and the thing is done. And various reputations would be *un*done if compunction should ever refuse to be stifled, or if justice and mercy should assert themselves above the professional interests that would be jeopardised. "The Lunacy Law plays at Satan, and tempts human frailty . . . beyond what it is able to bear. . . The mad statutes, which by the threefold temptation of Facility, Obscurity, and Impurity, ensure the occasional incarceration and frequent detention of sane . . . men, do provide, though feebly, for their bare liberation, *if perchance* they should not yield to the *genius loci* and the natural effect of confinement plus anguish, by going mad or dying."

That sunny afternoon a little document was handed to me, stating that I had the right to see a Magistrate if I

* In the case of H. G. Everett.

desired. It excited my suspicion, and I asked Mrs. Beresford if she had received the same. She had not. And she gave me a strange awakened look. "You are not certified?" she asked, under her breath. I laughed, and waved the paper at the little Dr. Marks, who was coming down the path on his bicycle. He jumped off, and I pointed to a mysterious phrase on the paper. "Mrs. Beresford has just asked me if I am certified!" I said. "Oh, yes, ye're certified," he answered, smiling.

Reader, you see the words—I heard them. Standing in the sunlight, I heard them. That is all there is to say. Let no one think that any pen, even the mightiest, could convey to the human soul that has not *known* it the meaning of those words, as they fall upon the staggering consciousness to which they are addressed.

It would be futile for a narrator like myself, unlearned in psychology and inexperienced in literary self-expression, to attempt any description of the effect upon my life of the shock of awful knowledge conveyed in Dr. Marks's words. Before a task like this, Charles Reade declares himself "impotent, impotent," and in that word he shows a rare self-understanding.

Henceforth I figured in the records of my country as "a lunatic": two "healers" had branded me and consigned me to the incredible doom of a shameful imprisonment, very possibly for life. A sudden cleavage took place in me. The dual being I once had been became two separate beings, of which the one known by my dishonoured name strove to forget the other in whom honour struggled to survive. This latter being, lacerated and poisoned, a soul in the extremity of pain, lived most vividly in the sleepless nights, and in those hours of the daytime when the asylum routine vanished into unreality, and left the soul bare in its torture-chamber. And that other, which dressed in my clothes and wore my face, accepted its ignominious life and made the best of it because, but for this, the soul must have fainted and failed, and died in bondage and disgrace.

The routine of a "Mental Hospital" has been designed on a certain rigid principle—the strict avoidance of any measure that might minister to the human mind. Those of

the better type cater with a fair show of liberality for the needs of the body; and handsome buildings and appointments, with ample provision for games and other outdoor exercises (assiduously and ingeniously exhibited to visitors official and private) are apt to create the desired impression of ideal organisation, not only in the imagination of the public, but unhappily in the minds of the doctors themselves. For although men of intellect, personality and humane ideals are to be found among the Superintendents of Private Asylums, the subordinate staff, who alone do the medical work, are largely men of arrested development, whose finer instincts have all been blunted by the repressive, penal character of their work, and whose code of honour has been debased by the sordid nature of the traffic by which they live. The Superintendent sees little of his so-called patients, and the study of them is no part of his programme. His work has far more in common with that of the manager of a fashionable hydropathic establishment than with that of a practitioner in any branch of medicine.

It was long before I realised how complete and powerful, how subtle and baffling, is the machinery which cuts off all hope of redress from the victim of legalised trickery. The document I had received thirteen days after my incarceration in the Infirmary gave me the right to see a magistrate, and I eagerly claimed the right. (The law demands that this paper be delivered "within 24 hours of reception." But on my protesting to the Chaplain on the infamy of having withheld this safeguard, he explained blandly, "We don't call it 'reception' till all the formalities have been completed which . . . "; then he stopped, and I finished: "Which make me legally a lunatic, and secure my fees to the 'hospital' that trapped and tortured me." He told me he had taken no hand in these measures, and would have refused to do so. And I asked him why, then, he did not resign his post. His answer is not worth recording.)

After six days of agitated waiting, during which the conviction held me that I was being tricked and cheated out of his visit, I did in fact see a magistrate. He was an aged consequential person of very limited intelligence and almost stone-deaf. He shouted at me a few words of severe reprobation of the indiscretion of which I had been

guilty; then a few remarks about the unmerited comfort and luxury in which I found myself. I might have reasoned as fruitfully with an infant or with an inmate of a padded cell. The stroke of the pen with which he "confirmed" my incarceration was as perfunctory as that of his brother-magistrate who had "ordered" it. The latter, not being under the legal necessity of seeing me, had not troubled to do so, though he lived a few doors away. It is certain that he had not even seen the documents upon which he issued the "order for reception"—reception in the Lunatic Asylum where these papers showed that I had already been lying for twelve days, with three months' fees prepaid. His signature, the only writing of his which appears in the very long document issued by him, is so shaky as to suggest the last stage of decrepitude. This portion of Private Asylum machinery is kept in operation without any difficulty whatever, and the delusion of the certified lunatic who demands it as a safeguard affords "much quiet amusement" to the authorities. Upon my telling Dr. Marks that I had claimed this "safeguard," he had turned to a hopelessly insane woman near me, remarking, "You'd like to see a magistrate every day, Mrs. Dyer, wouldn't you?" And he added, "We have plenty of people here who write to the Commissioners by every post."

I learned that it would have been wiser to have heeded the warnings of those who had tried to dissuade me from my purpose. I paid a terrible price for this as for every other effort to vindicate my sanity.

(To be concluded in the August issue.)

The Syrian Express

By G. K. Congreve

Night-fall at Homs. The sun just balanced on the Lebanon, the steady west wind blowing across the plain through the gap leading to Tripoli. A thin mist hanging above the trees on the irrigated land. Flocks of sheep and goats in the distance leading home to the villages. The ducks tearing southwards through the sky to settle on the lake. North, the white pinnacled houses of Telbisé showing up like a chalk crag. In the town the shops are shutting, the *cafés* are crowded with notables and merchants smoking their pipes and drinking tiny cups of coffee. The banks of the canal are lined with black-veiled women enjoying the cool air and the day's gossip. The streets are crowded with workmen, shopkeepers, Indian cavalry and English and Hedjaz soldiers.

But the centre of all interest at this hour is the railway station, when the north-bound express, hurtling along its mad career towards Aleppo, pauses here a while to throw out and take in passengers, merchandise and mail. It is due at the hour we are all now pleased to call 17.45; it is not particular to an hour or two, as it waits at Rayak until the rack-and-pinion arrangement from Beirut rolls up. That little outfit has many adventures climbing up to Ain Sofar and crawling down the other side; sometimes it is derailed, sometimes the water goes off the boil, or the engineer deliberately hangs up at a station to see if the main cylinder is sparking properly, or to oil the differential, just to annoy the station-master, who gets into what is even for a Syrio-Franc a tearing passion, and brings along the station clock to demonstrate the lateness of the hour.

The Turks left one building at Homs station. In it live the officials of the Société Anonyme du Chemin de Fer Damas Hamah et Prolongements, the R.T.O., George the restaurant keeper, his wife and family, an obscure Supply Major, two R.A.F. privates, several cats, and one monkey.

George's restaurant is downstairs, and at six o'clock the obscure Major, the R.T.O., with a few friends and several Czecho-Syrio-Levite contractors are probably drinking coffee or arrak, the latter being a fascinating aniseed drink which goes milky when mixed with water and is not a good prelude to whisky, and talking largely in a dialect composed of all European, two African and three Asian languages. Outside the entire platform and all the sidings are crowded with what looks and sounds like a thoroughly representative collection of the inhabitants of the Tower of Babel, mixed with a coloured plate (from the *Boy's Own Paper*) of The Armies of All Nations. A Hedjaz General or something is due to arrive or depart, and the Hedjaz equivalent of a platoon is encamped on the main and only platform, and is presenting arms at odd intervals. The rest of the time it is buying sweets, sticky ones, at one for a metallik, which is ten for a piastre or fifty a shilling, from a man who looks like a wild Presbyterian minister in a bath robe who has a tray of them on a little portable table. It is also throwing bricks at the Egyptian Labour Corps, which squats against the wall discussing the possibility of pinching a few loaves of Inglisi bread later on in the evening, and arguing violently with a Jew haberdasher of the town. Lawrence's Lambs are not inclined, yet, to lie down with the whelps of the Lion of Judah.

Commotion increases when the station-master, a small man with red whiskers and a squint, propels himself from the ticket office with the news that the train has left Kattiné, the next station. The women increase the speed of their talk, and heighten the tone in expectation of having to compete with the engine whistle. The Hedjaz perform the evolution they term "standing at ease." The boys gather round the sweet-man in the hope he may get run over. The Canteen Corporal unlocks his kiosk. The obscure Supply Major finishes his arrak, wipes his mouth, pinches another olive and emerges majestically from the pub. The Egyptian Labour Corps gets up and salutes him, and breaking into their pathetic song, "Y'azziz ayeenie; wala bid arawa beladi!" (which is really "Home, Sweet Home"), prepare receptacles in their clothes for the reception of stolen goods. George abuses the cook who is getting the hash ready, and with a triumphant yell the train struggles in.

The train is of the class called "mixed," and it is so. It has about eighteen trucks and four carriages. The trucks are of many sizes and shapes and contain anything from Manchester cotton goods to Armenian refugees and Indian reinforcements. The patent freezing box containing the frozen meat for the Aleppo troops is in front, and next to it is the Perishable truck for Homs and Hama with bread, meat, and possibly medical comforts, which is being attended to by the E.L.C., under the supervision of an A.S.C. sergeant with a lantern. Next come six trucks of Turkish prisoners of war being repatriated; a detachment of the Guides is in charge; one small Guide in each truck is trying to keep the prisoners inside without much success. It appears that one truckload is for Homs and a Havildar is trying to find someone to take them over and give a receipt. No one is at all anxious to do so, and he tackles the obscure Supply Major, who is arguing in what he imagines to be Arabic about the price of tomatoes with a one-eyed Damascene from Aleppo. He passes him on to a M.M.P., who, knowing what to do with an Indian when in doubt, writes a few words on an envelope, and the Havildar departs happy having got the one thing all good Indian soldiers pray for, a "chiti."

The prisoners then swarm out of the truck and are engulfed by their female relations, who weep copiously on any available shoulder and give tongue at frequent intervals in that peculiar expression of joy which is called "zaggareet," or something like that; Lane tells you all about it—it sounds like a large lot of young beagle pups having their tails repeatedly stamped on. These prisoners will probably enlist in the Hedjaz Army to-morrow, the remainder will eventually join up with our old friend Mustafa Kemal somewhere above the Taurus. Next, a few loads of Armenians, mostly nice, chubby, rosy-cheeked girls who do not appear in any way depressed at the recent massacres of most of their relations, or at the possibility of a repetition which might affect them. Most of them speak a little English or American, and have learnt in Refugee workshops in Damascus how to make and embroider the characteristic Armenian cushion-covers or shawls for sale to tourists. Next, the third class carriages, to seat five persons each side, ten in the middle, four in the racks, eight on the roof,

and lots on the steps, all with kit and equipment and the unexpired portion of the month's rations.

Take one carriage. A Greek money-lender, large, with wife, larger, one girl and two boys, one trunk and eight baskets; two alleged Bedouins, in abiyehs and caffiehs, slightly intoxicated, one playing on a wood pipe, the other dancing; a lady in a pink silk low-necked dress, no hat and elastic-sided boots, speaks French, Turkish, Italian, English, Arabic and Greek, says she comes from Athens, is Italian by birth, and is going home to Widdin; a tall Jew, gabardine and black hat, hook nose and side whiskers curled, says he is of the Sephardim, but certainly isn't; addresses you in Spanish, but breaks down after "A los pedos de usted!" Three Lebanese from Zahlé going to Aleppo to make speeches for the self-government of the Lebanon, and a couple of Egyptian Army Transport Corps drivers who are probably meant as reinforcements for a unit at Damascus and have lost their way, finish the list of what we can see. The confused mass at the end of the carriage is probably a few ulemas or holy men of sorts trying to dodge the ticket-collector.

Lastly the glory of the D.H.P., the First Class Carriage, which to-day is the one called the "Posh," as it possesses cushions and windows. Out of it descend the Cavalry Officer with orderlies, the Hedjaz General with aides-de-camp (the Hedjaz platoon presents arms and is pushed out of the way by the second assistant shunter), the Great Greek Contractor in white flannels and Trilby hat, the Subadar Major with turban, medals and whisker-net, greeted with reverence by his comrades on the platform, the Army Nurse on a joy ride to Aleppo, the G.S.O. something of some crush somewhere, the Patriarch or Archimandrite of the Lebanon or Mount Carmel or Jerusalem, an American Red Cross Colonel or Commissioner, inaudibly singing "My country, 'tis of thee," and looking as if he wanted to sell you an agricultural implement, and an English commercial traveller, probably an ex-soldier of the E.E.F.

There are no lights anywhere, and it is nearly dark. Free fights in most of the carriages, the Turks have bought water-melons and are chucking the rinds into the mass. The soldiers are getting tea from the canteen, the local

cabs are coming back for their second trip. The women are going down the road to town with their returned relations, the French lady in the pink silk has a ticket as far as Homs only and is trying to wheedle the balance to Aleppo out of a young Egyptian officer (she'll succeed, too). George in the pub is rushing about, throwing his famous four-course twenty-piastre dinner at a few officers and well-dressed Syrians.

The bell rings twice. The red-whiskered station-master goes in the pub, takes off his hat, and says: "En voiture, s'il vous plaît, Messieurs." George says it isn't time yet, and his patrons haven't finished feeding, and that if they go now they won't pay. Red-whiskers says, "You be damned." George shouts. Red-whiskers curls the off one and lights a cigarette. The diners choke down their coffee and flourish hundred-piastre notes at George. George goes mad and says, "Mafish da petit monnaie!" The bell rings three times, the noise increases, the last passenger is hauled through the window, Red-whiskers blows his little trumpet, the engine yells, backs, goes ahead, stops, backs, and, with a determined effort to do it this time, puts three-quarters of its steam through the whistle, the remainder into the cylinder, and toils northward to Aleppo.

The station loafers quickly disappear, the Indian Cavalry officers saunter back to dine at their regimental mess, George and Red-whiskers sit down to argue the question of the time with their watches and a glass of arrak, and in a few minutes everything is quiet except for the sobbing of a girl on the steps whose brother has brought her up from Damascus and dumped her at Homs for better or for worse. She has been given the price of a ticket back home by an Englishman, and her tears are more of relief than sorrow.

It is quite dark. The obscure Supply Major crawls out of his office, steps on the cat, damns it, and the country, and the contractors, and the climate, looks at the sky, vanishes eastward; the day is finished.

Bolshevism, Dadaism, and Gosh-ism

By "Complex"

EMERGING out of war, tripping the light fantastic toe, as it were, of released humanity, now sickening of nigger bands, physical jerks in the ball-room and divorce by proxy, three decidedly interesting phenomena disturb and enthral our civilisation, which again may be classified as political, æsthetic and commercial. In the realm of action we have Bolshevism, than which no ghost or buggerboo has ever more troubled the consciences of kings and their servitors; in the æsthetics we have "Dadaism" and its interpretation; in the commercial world we have the Americanisation of values summed up in the word "Gosh!" which one may illustrate by any form of *épatage*, sensationalism or technical perfection, whether it be the shop of Gordon Selfridge, the wails of Puddle Street, the profits of the monopolists, the heroes of the prize-ring, or the superb and almost inhuman technique of the boy fiddler, Heifetz.

These are the three stimulating—constructive and destructive—influences of the white man's world as in Britain he toiled down to Epsom to lose his money through the usual outsider winning the Derby. They may be reduced to the simple formula of co-operation, individualism, and control. Bolshevism, of course, means co-operation. It is the tyranny of the State. Its function is equality of the distribution of wealth. Its end is mechanism. Its philosophy is work controlled and applied. Yet it turns our hair grey at the thought. Not the appearance of "Old Nick" himself in spats and a red cravat could more enrage society, order, and the world's masters than this poor human idea masquerading in the land of Tolstoi as the friend of the poor people. We loathe the thing. Old gentlemen grow crimson in the face at the sound of the dread word. It is truly the spectre of the great war; its heritage, perhaps the

price we may have to pay for it, and its great enemy is the only really rich nation in the world, America, or the land of Gosh.

In the land of Gosh or control, Bolshevism is, of course, anathema, as Calvinism was to Rome, or Galileo to the Pope. There the idea of equality of distribution is a public offence, for the idea of America is gain. The gospel of dollars recognises only one control—money or purchasing power. All else is subsidiary. The man who preaches decontrol is an enemy of the people. An idea which would depolarise opportunity is to an American what mud is to the campaigning soldier—a nightmare. A society which aims at controlling the control is in Gosh-land lunacy. At all costs it must be smothered. Like a mad dog, the diseased mind must be killed. Like a reptile, the sneaky, crawling propaganda of reformation must be stamped out with a jack-boot.

And so Gosh and Bolshevism face one another, and in between, performing funambulistic feats of balance and contortion, those who are never bored turn to "Dada" as the only escape from the lies and hypocrisy of civilisation, crying: "Back to the simplicities"; "back to the bottle and the kindergarten."

So D'Annunzio—he is Dada. An Italy which has not conquered Europe bores him; he conquers Fiume; sets up a Republic of the poetics, addresses his troops through the alembic of Venetian history; like a colossus, defies the world. Here, too, come the "all-black, minstrel band" with the dulcet charm of jazz and "Honey, O, my leetle Honey!" In most of the playhouses, Dada reeches to us his counterfeit art, makes us squirm, and somehow makes us believe that this is the true stuff—the stuff that brings in the money. Prime Ministers in most European countries follow suit. It is their only chance. What with Bolshevism behind and Gosh in front, they must do something to earn their salaries. They must be in the limelight, or people might suspect them. Their only escape is "Dadaism." Mr. Lloyd George is pure Dada; he talks like a child in a nursery reciting Blake's poems. So sweet, so innocent, so simple. What a good boy! One delights in his plush "suity," the lace collar round his neck, his beautiful faith in mad—humanity. But what he means, no man can tell.

What he stands for no nurse can say, not even Northcliffe (Gosh) or Mrs. Twinkle-toes. Dada rules the world—like Circe: "Anyone want an Empire? Well, here is one. The price? Don't mention it. Oil is my wand. Oil drives ships. Empire—oil; it is an equation. Good! Next man. Oh, you want a new strategic boundary—well, I've three or four in my hip-pocket. Ask Simon, my secretary; he knows. Coal! Who said coal? A Pole? Now look here, can't you beat those Bolshies for me? Really, I did think. . . O, ah! The debt. What is a debt? I use the printing press. My dear sir, you are not up-to-date. Only Napoleons bother about debts. I don't. I sneeze. It is the latest political discovery. When in doubt, sneeze. I tried that at Lympne. Great effect. Millerand thought I was bluffing. I wasn't. On the contrary, I didn't know what to say, but the sneeze did the trick. I emerged one point up. Now all sing together: 'Sister Susy sewing shirts for Circe, etc., etc. . .'"

"It was a Pyrrhic victory" says the venerable Clémenceau, the Gosh of Europe, and Heifetz, playing his instrument as surely no mortal man ever did before, responds in harmonics which send ice-cream down our fevered backs. The Gosh-men are like the Pyramids, they are hard to knock out; they are the control. Remove Carson (Gosh), and Ireland would be made a happy land for evermore, but Gosh-Carson won't hear of happiness. Were it not that Northcliffe (Gosh) will insist upon tweaking the toes of Mr. George (Dada), Britain would sail home at the hole-in-the-corner conferences of the politicians, but as Gosh meets Dada the sail has no belly, for the wind blows from Paris, where the dice is thrown towards Bolshevism. In Gosh-land the deflation of the war-purse is causing uneasiness. Dada—League of Nations—fears his Gosh-es, and there is no art there to help him because there is no soul. You can put the dollar over some men most of the time; you can put the dollar over any men some of the time, but you can't put the dollar over all men all the time, and so the next Presidential election is actually going to be contested on the novel issue of whether to make peace in Europe or to admit that President Wilson lost the war.

And such is positively the world's blood problem. Did America win the war or lose it? In all this tangle and flood

of emotionalism, hysteria, contradiction and negationalism, Bolshevism alone keeps a course, because it alone has an idea. It, too, like Dada, has the appearance of simplicity. Dispense with money, it says, and you eliminate capital and all the attendant evils of society. And, in theory, Bolshevism pulls a strong oar. It is not so easy to remove an idea; indeed, the only way is to put up a better one, and that is why, of course, Gosh is perturbed, his governing idea being the opportunity of gain, and not even in his most reckless moments the idea of opportunity of distribution. Here we have Dada's chance as the æsthetic denominator. For clearly otherwise some form of Gosh will issue supreme. Either negationalism, *i.e.*, Bolshevism, or Gosh, *i.e.*, control, will win the war to end peace, and thus if Dada can acquire a standard suit he may be able to standardise a policy, coming up in between the extremities, like the ram in the bush. It will depend probably upon the amount of art and art sense there is left in the world, and here we must eliminate Selfridge, Heifetz, Grossmith-Laurillard, the Leverhulmes and the Burn and (Kennedy) Joneses of "New Baronial" Street.

Gosh's chances are even, hardly more; favourable as the "tips" may be. Pilsudski, Millerand, Venizelos, Feisul, America (Gosh), Carson (Gosh), the two Wilsons (Gosh), the Pope, his Majesty of Fleet Street, Prince Shoot-'em-all of the F.B.I., have formidable obstacles which will require a bit of doing, the first of which is the terrible chasm of the dead-weight debt. Goshes are not good jumpers, though were Charlie Chaplin, "Mary" Pickford, and fighting Wells to be enlisted in the team, some jump might be recorded. But this amalgamation presents a difficulty—the difficulty of deciding whether Heifetz really gives us great music, or merely shows himself to be the world's champion violin acrobat. It cannot be answered off-hand. The Goshes of art don't double-stop with the politicians; their control is pertinent to their instrument, not to sociality at large. In the sum of their utility, they are discounters, eliminators, crusaders.

There remain, then, only the machine-guns, the Kaiser William type, to whom assuredly we owe a statue. In this battle between idea and the machine-gun, Dada is the musician. It is not the technique of the performance that

matters, but the quality of the performance. What idea has the world to offer ready and capable of squeezing out Bolshevism on the one hand, and the machine-gun on the other? What revelation Dadaism can unfold. Whether D'Annunzio has a better republic to offer than that epitomised in the age-long feud between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Whether the girls who flouted John Lewis have more real guts in them than the indomitable old man who refuses to recognise change. Whether that young poet, living on £100 a year, is a more useful man than Gordon Selfridge, Lord Beaverbrook, or Marcus Aurelius of New Jerusalem. Whether, in short, art and artists have a policy worthy of expression, capable of understanding, conscious of a social truth. For they alone really matter, being life or truth. Clearly some time or other war must end. We shall have to return to work some day. Men will have to produce if they are to survive, and laugh if they are to love. Even profiteering with the governments of the world as the bank must have an end. And then—what? Is it to be Gosh or Bolshevism? Lenin or H. U. N. Thomkins? The same old thing, or something new? The old or a new system? Scarlet or khaki?

It will depend upon Dadaism, whether, that is, the artists can lead us back to the unities of life's playhouse and teach us the simple lessons of arithmetic. Dada has a new instrument—social psychology—which is an orchestral device that bankers, financiers, and all manner of the breed of Gosh find it very difficult to understand. The two forms of monideaism which confront us—Bolshevism and anti-Bolshevism—thus leave plenty of play for the soloists, the flautists, and the revivalists of all shades and opinions, and if only Sir Conan Doyle and other Julius Cæsars of life's carnival would attend a little less to the dead and a little more to the living—to the flowers that do bloom in the spring, tra, la!—we should be moving towards a result which, if not automatic, would at least be symptomatic. But, alas! Dada halts. Bored with the machine-gun, not quite imaginative enough to enjoy the immense human joke of Bolshevism, Dada cries: "Avaunt!" In despair, he turns to ghosts, to historical encyclopædias, to a dead theatre, to dream-land, to crab-salad and to—art for art's sake. The stench of the world as it is offends his sensitive

nostrils. He will not belong to the world's monkey-house. He laughs at the pundits soliciting his opinion on the world's economic mechanism. He hates mechanism. As Dada, he abhors Gosh, even Heifetz, who is a prince of mechanism. He snorts at the word politics. "Give me taste," he cries, "individualism, quality, essence." The question is—is he thinking? His isolation is Gosh's opportunity—Gosh creeping along the wall with his policemen and the machine-gun, like the tortoise. If intelligence refuses intelligence, why should Gosh trouble? He doesn't. He just Goshes. And so we come back to our starting-point or the world's difficulty. Meanwhile, (Gosh) Gordon Selfridge reduces his prices 10 per cent. (a great man!).

And the excitement grows because Gosh, the symbol, has been beaten. First the Prussian—then Wilson (Gosh); Clémenceau (Gosh); Italy (Gosh). There remain Pilsudski (Gosh); Millerand (Gosh); Churchill (Goshling); and American credit, which is the only solvent bank in the world on the gold standard. The complexes are multitudinous. Valera (Gosh) plays harmonics stretching from New York to Cork; Newspaper Barons skirmish here, Czech, Roumanian, Jugo-Slav, Hungarian, and Arab Goshes skirmish there. All Europe sags, reels, vomits, and sizzles. Only Dada Mr. Lloyd George can hold a bow at all, for Labour (Gosh) is going Dada or Gaga, and Bolshevism heaves half a brick (of gold) at our feet. Gosh America literally holds up civilisation, like Atlas. She says: "Be Gosh or be damned!" and we reply, "Same to you!" and haul out big ships and machine-guns. Jovine Gosh answers: "Wait till I get a new president, one super-Gosh; he will show you." We reply by sending more policemen and bombs to Ireland. Someone says: "What about the capital levy?" Lord Leverhulme, anxious to grow pea-nuts, puts on his most important business face. "We won the war," he exclaims; "it is for Dada to pay for it." And Dada expectorates in the street. He attacks Heifetz instead of Gosh in Downing Street. He attacks art; like Candide, he buys an allotment; he gets divorced.

The only man with a policy, Lenin, like Mephistopheles, grins. His big battalions are the world's stupidity. His General is Fear. His strategy is confusion of interest—capital interest. Off goes Krassin with bags of gold. All

France squeals: "It is our gold. We gave that to the Tsar to crush socialism. We want it back." "Thank you," returns Prince Dada; "Wyndham Lewis draws in conic, not comic, sections; Augustus John has decided that Raphael could not paint," and, besides, an Irishman "owned by an Irishman and sitting on an Irish (Catholic) horse won the Derby. You put your money on the wrong steed. Mr. Wickham Steed, the man I most fear after Northcliffe (Gosh), does not approve of Father Abraham. He thinks the Bible was written by the President of the Jugo-Slav Republic. I'm a Republican. No, I'm not. I'm a publican. No use for champagne. Ask Lord Robert Cecil. He knows. He got drunk in the pure waters of the Bosphorus. We must put a Protestant Bishop in the Haggia Sofia of Constantinople."

Foch (Gosh) immediately asks how many divisions of conscript niggers can be moved into Germany in the next twenty-four hours, whereat America (Gosh) knocks up the French Exchange to 52 fcs. Commotion; consternation; "Perfidious Albion!" bellows forth one of the Parisian wire-pullers. Northcliffe (Gosh) consults his telephone. "Shall I buy up the Parisian press or the Czecho-Slovak? or corner paper supplies? or stand for the American Presidency? or play golf with Mitchell (Gosh)?" He chooses Abe Mitchell. Dada Lansbury talks Christian Science without knowing it. Jerusalem (Gosh) takes lessons in boxing from Beckett (Gosh). Lady Prinsep flies over to Spain to invest her money in the bull-ring.

"Try a pastoral play in the Strand," cries Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, "I've got the clothes," whereat Mr. Bradley writes a Shakespearean sonnet to prove that a suit must cost twenty guineas this winter. Don Valera smiles. "The Moderate Party" amuses itself by advertising invective. The Pope sees a king; at last, like the proverbial cat, Pussy and Pussyfoot equate. "Give me the gloves!" shrieks Dempsey (Gosh). "Sack the lot!" roars our splendid old Admiral. "Fight the lot!" sings back Horatio of the Bridge of Sighs. And this gives Sir Edward Hulton his chance to start a new newspaper.

Meanwhile—what? Let us repeat that one sensible word in an otherwise absurdly dull article. What? Yet again—what? More wars? More debts? More confusion,

chaos and cataclysm? Study the formula. Bolshevism, Dadaism, Gosh. General Negation, Brigadier-General Individualism, Field-Marshal Fear, with only Negation with a strategic objective. Complexes in reserve—Don Valera; Hiram Johnson (Gosh); sack the lot, fight the lot, swallow the lot, and a few divisions of Arab Dervishes. Tropical diseases to contend with—oil fever, enteric imperialism, malarial incapacity, sleeping exchange sickness, Rhenic influenza, inflation typhus, bonus stomach-ache, and all the cotton-wool invested in rupees, Egyptian donkeys, Mesopotamian giraffes, and Persian antelopes. The chloroform in bond, pending enquiries by the League of Nations. No bonesetters. No dentists. No surgeons, who have gone on strike until the nations can Budget. The R.A.M.C. are mostly commercial travellers buying up impoverished Europe on a policy of Africanisation. The general staffs are crippled by a shortage of maps, which all seem to be written in invisible ink. "Intelligence" finds all the prisoners are spies and no good. Agamemnon alone has a policy in his Welsh fastness, which is best described as unintelligible. In these conditions the peace war threatens to be at least as sensational as the war to end peace.

So we stand, on the way to Spa or catch-as-catch-can (Northumberland style). Only the ether remains true, and the sea—and God. Paris burns; Rome burns; Petrograd and Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople are sidereal apparitions, places chiefly for "ruminants." The bankers are all at Monte Carlo; the newspaper Barons "at sea" or the sea-side; the politicians at the Westminster Music-hall. George Robey can no longer compete. Only the film pays, or, the art of twinkle-dee. The rest is the dum-dum bullet.

Are we down-hearted? No, for this is Dada's chance, our chance, man's hour of deliverance. Once in a century he has such a moment of exhilaration. His opportunity has come. It is the old world's climacteric, the moment of the great blasting. As the old cycle revolves, creaking and jolting like a tank with a "Blighty" in her, so the epi-cycle of the new thought, the new men, the new inspiration expands, accelerating its evolutions, drawing into its orbit what is real and true and constructive, attaining slowly but surely to a complete circle. How long the process of

exploding the outer rim will continue, no man can say, neither what will be the final result, nor what indeed its composition. The movement is the thing, and the issue is the pattern of European civilisation. Which God? Man or his mechanism? Fear or opportunity? Much will depend upon the artists of the world, for they alone are without fear, think impersonally, are themselves creation or nothing. What will they do? Snore with the herd or sneeze with Dada; make Dada, capitalise Dada, canonise Dada?

They must choose between a world of rival Goshes—they must plump for Heifetz or Mark Anthony. Cleopatra will follow her master's horse. The problem is the adder. Which kind? The one which poisons or the one which merely eats the flies of our discontent? I say with Gordon Craig, Anatole France, and the "man who came back," Give us a new world drama. Get on the stage. Create. Give us truth; music, rhythm, harmony, sanity, and there will be no mortification. On the contrary, if the artists speak, it is the machine-gun—of Gosh and Bolo—that will jam.

Ireland and Empire

The Solution

By Colonel Arthur Lynch

In the first place it is well to declare one's intentions, for I have noticed in the world that the appreciation of an argument depends on the sense of its ultimate drift. If Euclid, a logical thinker, seemed to run counter to vested interests, his axioms would be gravely contested, and it would be taught as a point of honour in our schools to refuse to consider his reasonings.

That being so, I declare that my ultimate aim is to secure liberty in each of the constituent States that now form what is called the British Empire*; and yet to attain this end in such a way that the association of all these States, and their mutual co-operation, may be closer, firmer, and more enduring than under present conditions.

I have sought out the causes that produce discontent, and that may lead to disruption; but in pursuing this study I have endeavoured to make a real analysis, not contenting myself with re-echoing Party shibboleths, or hiding cowardice under safe formulas. For one thing, I am no longer a politician.

Justice; liberty; these words strike deep in the ordering of human lives; and having said so much at the threshold, I proceed to examine the Irish question—and, incidentally, other questions of not less importance. There was a time not very long ago, for it was just before the war, when the great majority of Irish Nationalists would have been content with the measure of Home Rule set up by Mr. Asquith.

That Act, which still remains in suspended animation on the Statute Book, was a wretched affair. It would have

* I raised in Parliament the question as to the authority for the use of the words "Empire" and "Emperor," both of which seem to me not only false in fact, but to reek with associations of mad pride and decadence. The answers I obtained were inconsistent and ridiculous. Recently so good a Tory as Lord Fisher has protested against this "Hun" word.

left Ireland the most highly taxed member of the United Kingdom, while the advantages purchased at such a price would have been found illusory.

As I watched the Irish Party pursuing its course under Mr. Redmond's leadership, accepting at every turn the principle of Unionism, with but a modification of the ways and means of its application, I was often tempted to enquire: Why then this pother of the last hundred years? Why not have settled down under the Union as contentedly as Scotland; why not exploit this affair, regarding it as opening up to Irish ambitions larger fields and more alluring vistas?

The only valid answer was that of the sacredness of Nationalism. As it was, we sacrificed the sense of Irish nationality, and at every turn we lost in material advantages.

The failure to set up even this faulty Act produced so great a disappointment in Ireland as to account in part for the success of Sinn Fein at the last General Election.

The Home Rule Bill now before Parliament cannot be taken seriously. I regard it simply as one of the many devices which Mr. Lloyd George has adopted in order to gain time, hoping that something will turn up to extricate himself from his difficulties, but, at any rate, content to live politically from hand to mouth rather than face the Irish question honestly with the determination of finding a basic settlement.

The Bill is not desired by the Unionists of Ulster, for they prefer the present system; it is not acceptable to the few Nationalists who still retain some authority in Ireland, for it contains the principle of partition that produced the first reaction against Mr. Redmond's policy; it is anathema to the Sinn Feiners, who refuse to look at it. In Parliament the Government supporters are the only members who make a show of interest in its fate.

Lastly, the Government itself is possessed by a secret fear that, in spite of all appearances, it may be "implemented"; for it would be within the power of the Sinn Feiners, if they deigned to use its machinery, to elect a majority of Republicans to an Irish Parliament, and from that eminence proclaim their doctrines to the world and demand recognition from the League of Nations or from

the United States. Mr. Long is even now casting round for a means of averting the one real application of this Act.*

As to alternatives, the Dominion form of Government has been suggested. There was a time when it would have been possible to settle the Irish question on that basis. It was reserved to me, in fact, to be the first Member of Parliament to propose this solution, and subsequently a few of us, members of the Irish Party, addressed a public letter to Mr. Redmond to that effect. The suggestion was scouted in Parliament, and it is being revived when the favourable moment has passed.

We are now face to face with two sharply opposed alternatives. One is martial law, open or disguised; the other is the Irish Republic.

Martial law has often been tried in Ireland, but it has never succeeded in crushing the spirit of the people. Cromwell was its great exponent. He swore that he would drive the Irish to Hell or Connaught. Connaught is still strong in its Nationalism, but it is not the only province where the Irish are vigorous; as to the other place, I have often heard the Irish country people, in the vernacular, cede that realm to Cromwell himself. His party they believe to be there in an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Balfour later tried the Cromwellian methods, but he was not a Cromwell, and the result of his operations was to weld Irish Nationalists together into a cohesive block. Indirectly he is one of the founders of modern Ireland.

Neither has Mr. Lloyd George the temperament nor the will-power of a Cromwell. There is nothing trenchant in his intellect nor profound in his character. He is less of a statesman than a clever politician. He is a virtuoso of the tricks of the game, the shifts, the evasions, the wire-pullings, the intrigues behind the scenes. His mind is bright, quickly apprehensive, fertile in resources, but he is incapable of continuous study, or of closely consecutive reasoning. Intellectually and politically, he lives from hand to mouth.

* The method favoured by the Government is fraught with dangers to the liberties of the people of this country. It puts to candidates a test designed to predetermine their actions. If this be legal, then it is possible for the present Parliament to exclude from the Commons in future any man who will not commit himself to preserve the House of Lords for ever.

I have seen him come down to the House invested in a shroud of gravity, and one knowing how unlike this heavy style was to his mobile nature might have enjoyed the comedian-like zest of his solemnity. He threatened Ireland in the name of the outraged majesty of British Law, and immediately afterwards let the outraged majesty go hang.

Lloyd George is a past master of all the secondary arts of statesmanship, but he has neither the grit, nor the faith, nor the honesty required to carry through any great, well-conceived, and effective policy—even of oppression.

Consider also what martial law means, and not merely what we ourselves in these islands think of it, but how the matter is judged in that great forum of the world's opinion which is becoming ever of greater importance to each of its constituent parts.

Martial law, beating down the national demand for self-determination, makes a mockery of all the principles which the Allies set on high when they went to war with Germany. The ideals that thrilled the world are passionately invoked in the accusations levelled against the present Government.

It is true that with the war still so fresh, with its wounds still bleeding, one hears in authoritative circles cynical contempt for those ideals. The Government, when stripped of cant and hypocrisy, says, in effect, as exemplified by its acts: We did not fight for the rights of Belgium, or for the freedom of small nationalities, or the sanctity of treaties; talk of this sort is only fit for children, and we are a practical people, we are Imperial thinkers. We fought for our own right hand, and we downed Germany because the trade rivalry between us had endangered our position; and now having made use of the banners that attracted to our side all that was good and generous and noble, we refuse to honour the draft that we have drawn upon humanity; not the military Imperialism of Germany, but our military Imperialism prevails; in that sign we conquer the world; we rule by might, not right; and the spoils are ours, Profiteers, O Profiteers!

I say that these phrases sum up the virtual policy of the present Government, but I do not attribute to the nation a corresponding lack of morality. The very necessity of lies and pretence shows that a higher spirit is alive in the

land, and that there is a deep yearning, an intense aspiration, in the minds of the people for a *régime* of justice and truth.

Apart from these considerations, the Imperial system is doomed to failure on its own materialist basis.

It is impossible with the present resources of the country to carry out effectively a policy of military repression in India, in Egypt, and in Ireland, to say nothing of adding to the national burdens by dominating Persia, by ruling the Caucasus, and by waging war against Russia either by spending British blood and treasure in bac' ing up the reactionary enterprises of Koltchak, Dennikin, or Judenitch, or by surreptitiously aiding, in defiance both of plighted word and common sense, the hopeless efforts of Wrangel, Petloura, and Pilsudski.

With men like Lloyd George, to whom the plighted word means so little, and Lord Curzon, the exponent of pompous incapacity, and Winston Churchill, with whom war-gambling is a vice and blunders a habit, we are drifting to ruin. I ask seriously, Why have these men escaped impeachment? They have spilt torrents of British blood and wasted treasure by hundreds of millions in military operations in Russia undertaken without a declaration of war, and without a mandate from Parliament.

If I have appeared to wander from my theme, I will show at once that all these matters are germane to the principles we set out to discuss. It has been said, by Sir Edward Carson for one, that the real issue is between Imperialism and Republicanism in Ireland.

Imperialism has meant the murder of women and children at Amritsar, the use of poison gas against the Egyptians and the Russians, the repression even of ideas in Ireland under the heel of military rule, and at length the flouting of American opinion by the cynical disregard of promises, ideals, treaties. The word Republic, the most sacred in the literature of politics, means in its essence the abolition of the incubus of the Middle Ages, embodied in prerogatives and privileges that take the place of merit; it means the reign of light and reason, and the brotherhood of nations.

These ideas have vaguely floated before the minds even of the high priests of Toryism. Mr. Lovat Fraser, in the

Daily Mail, cries that the time has come to debate Republicanism, and forthwith he pours out a column of the usual orthodox cant, and the paper closes the discussion.

Yes, I say the time has come to face this question and to settle it.

The favourite arguments with regard to royalty are that its function is moribund, that it costs nothing, and that the golden link of the Crown binds together all the British possessions.

If it really matters little, then we who see immense advantages in the Republican form need have no compunction in asking for the elimination of this organism "surplus to requirements," as the Army men phrase it.

If the teeming millions of India are held in submission only by their veneration for the hereditary principle in Government, why then fear the Bolshevists, and why shed British blood like water to interpose a barrier between them and the Babus?

As to the golden link, I say that it is the main factor of disruption.

In my own fervent desire to find a bond that will hold together the English-speaking dominions, my analysis always leads me to the Crown as the supreme obstacle.

When General Hertzog was last in London he gave me a series of reasons in favour of the Republic in South Africa; these arguments were couched in the vein that finds favour in Parliament. I replied that while recognising the force of all he said, his representations left me cold; that above and below and all around these material considerations was a deep motive of morality, the repugnance of a free man, master of his own soul, to emasculate his manhood and, in the terms of obsequiousness and adulation with which royalty has been invested, to crawl on his belly before that which his instinct and his reason both refuse to respect.

The effect on Hertzog was electrical. He threw away his long list of reasons with an air of relief.

"You have said," he cried, "just what we think, but which we do not say because we did not know that anyone here could be moved by anything but what they call 'practical' objects."

I then asked him whether, if Great Britain were a Re-

public, he would wish to break away from the association of these dominions. He replied frankly: No.

This thing, therefore, that has lost its true functional use, and that is defended because it "costs nothing," is going to cost a continent to begin with.

Similar arguments, I say, apply with hardly less force to Australia and to Canada. The new generation are in the vast majority Republicans.

I have it also from a distinguished American statesman that one of the permanent stumbling-blocks in the way of cordial relations between the United States and the United Kingdom is precisely the existence of the monarchical form of government here.

The case of Ireland does not need discussion in this regard.

The project, which has become developed in my mind clearly and in great detail, is exhibited in its main lines as a system of free Republics, freely according each other community of citizenship. These Republics will be bound together by a thousand ties of interest and goodwill and interchange of courtesies, and it is easy to arrange for their guidance, not for Imperial aggression, but for defence, by a general advisory council.

Short of the realisation of this complete plan, Great Britain might enjoy her autonomy in the continuance of monarchy. That would seem to me absurd, but yet practicable.

The first steps, however, must be to prepare the way in Ireland and South Africa; point by point as the plan becomes realised it will be found not merely to have settled these questions but whole categories of others in the shape of labour problems and dangers in foreign affairs.

Moreover,—and this is not negligible,—we could begin to build the great Era that we talk of, not by writing the word "Sham" on the frontal of our edifice, but by resting on the foundations of Truth and Justice and Right.

The Two Great War Failures

By "Ex-Bearskin"

We have now two authentic statements on the two historical failures of the war, written by the two respective leaders; both of which would, if successful, have had decisive results, both of which failed for much the same reason —the want of real intelligence of the military mind. The one is General von Kluck's work *The March on Paris* (Arnold), the other is by Sir Ian Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary* (Arnold), this latter a brilliant book which, with von Kluck's, will be historic.

The story of the German onrush and its memorable check can now be pieced together with accuracy. It tallies with the account of General Sir Frederick Maurice. We now know that the Germans failed through want of General Staff control, through inadequate "intelligence," above all, through striking at two fronts at the same time.

As we can now see it, the story is this: All went well, astonishingly, devastatingly, well, until the supreme moment of the French great counter-attack, when, quite suddenly, the entire German position was reversed. The reasons are clear from von Kluck's published orders. First, the First Army or wing was placed under the command of the Second Army—von Bülow—thereby hampering von Kluck's initiative and leading to the inevitable distrust which found expression in von Kluck's disobedience, he at the crucial moment getting in front of the Second Army instead of "in echelon behind it," as ordered. He seems also to have been ignorant of the fact that the Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Armies were all held up east of the Moselle, thus allowing the French freedom of manœuvre; he also lost touch with the Second Army. His intelligence broke down, for he claims to have been ignorant of the advance of the French Sixth Army on his flank. Then the decisive blow was struck by General Manoury, and the Second Army was defeated and began to retire, thus creating a gap which actually amounted to forty miles.

He was then ordered to break off the attack he was conducting and to fall back in a general retreat, the Second Army being compelled to retire behind the Marne. The position was curious, for had von Kluck's attack on Manoury's extreme left wing matured, anything might have happened, but he was given no choice. He had to break off his attack and retire. Thus the German plan—to drive the French south-east of Paris—failed at the very moment that an attack of the First Army might have led to stupendous results, the Germans in turn being in danger of being out-flanked.

Von Kluck extricated his army with consummate skill and was not hard pressed. The retirement led to the fierce battles of the Aisne in September, which died away into the positional warfare, not broken until the end came in 1918. It is thus clear that the cause of the German failure was the defeat of the Second Army, which, producing a wide gap, left von Kluck "in the air," and there can be little doubt but that had General Joffre been able to follow up in force, the end might have come in much the same way as it did eventually with Marshal Foch's masterly operations in 1918.

The point of all this is the stupidity of the professional soldier. Three things stand out. First, on the eve of the critical battle in France, two corps were withdrawn from France and sent eastwards, truly a colossal blunder. Secondly, the Supreme Command were clearly not in proper control of the armies. Thirdly, their intelligence was wretched, run on stereotype lines, as we can see from von Kluck's admission of his ignorance of Gallieni's French Sixth Army. The Germans really went to war quite unprepared to carry out a crushing defeat on the West while conducting an offensive on the East; their munitions were short—they had not the men. They made no great use of aeroplanes. They quite ignored sea-power—*i.e.*, the importance to them of securing the coast, which was, of course of far greater military value than even the capture of Paris. They had not grasped the significance of machine-guns, or the power of the defensive in lines of position. They started out with no scientific equipment—thus supplies were short; they lacked motor lorries; they went to war quite in the old way, relying chiefly on (1) men,

who obviously were not numerous enough for the task, and (2) speed on foot, whereas with a little science they could have doubled their speed.

History will certainly decide that the Germans chewed off more than they could cope with when they struck on both fronts. Had they remained purely passive in the East with Austria in trench lines, in place of the Austrian adventure into Serbia, they might have had another 200,000 men on the West which would have been of incalculable value to them as the wing of the invading armies; the wooden military mind had not grasped the possibilities of modern war. Science had not been requisitioned. They had not foreseen the numbers of men required, the munitions required, the speed required. They had not realised that the air was the new eye of an army. They were a great military nation without a scientific mind, steeped in old traditions—a thoroughly conservative mechanism. And in the great march they broke their foundation principle, by weakening the decisive striking force. They marched to their own fate.

It is important to the world, after this stupendous drama, to realise this innate conservatism of the military mind, for what we find is a low intelligence. What this means all Europe is only now beginning to feel. The story of the German march is a terrible indictment of civilisation which trusts itself to a caste of mind which, as events have proved, is of a poor intelligence; which does not learn; which lives in tradition. If the German ambition was to crush France with a lightning stroke, they could certainly have done so with the proper appliances—had they used motor transport, had they understood the A B C of modern war, had they possessed a General Staff scientifically equipped and endowed with imagination. Thank Heaven! we may say now. Yet already we are trying to return to scarlet. Are we to learn nothing from this world tragedy? Let us turn to the other decisive failure—Gallipoli.

We had no land and water central strategy, that is the simple moral. After the Marne, the Allies had before them one clear policy—union with the Russians, who had the necessary decisive reserves in men. That should have been our central aim from the first day of war. Had we sailed into Constantinople in the first week of August,

Turkey would not have entered the war. Instead, we allowed the "Goeben" to sail through the Dardanelles. Union with Russia should have been our main objective, and had we effected that union, the war must have been over in 1915. What we did was to ignore sea-power, and then to attempt a cutting-out expedition, with ludicrously inadequate forces. That is the plain, blunt truth, and it is the reason why the Germans, with a population of 68,000,000, held up literally the world in arms for four fighting years. We deprived ourselves of the great reservoir of Russian man-power, and thus isolated our great Ally. We forgot sea-power. We only saw the war as a professional dog-fight. ("I'm a Westerner" sort of thing.)

Sir Ian Hamilton's book is certainly one of the most interesting that has yet appeared on the war. In style and manner, it is the antipode to von Kluck, who is professionally technical, whereas the Briton is splendidly individualist, the artist, a man who feels fiercely the cruel fate which made him one of the great military failures in history instead of the winner of the world-war. All this is shown up conclusively in the interview with Lord Kitchener. With characteristic English amateurishness, Hamilton was sent out with no plans, a quite inadequate force, a staff drawn from anywhere, anyhow, and when Braithwaite asked for aeroplanes, Lord Kitchener "glared."

The strange thing about this hapless expedition is that Lord Kitchener clearly recognised the stupidity of the cavalry generals who thought they could break through the German lines on the West any month, and clearly recognised the decisive significance of forcing the Dardanelles. And yet the muddle was complete. Our War Office had never worked out a plan of attack, they relied on the Greek General Staff plan, which was, of course, known to the Germans through Court influences. Lord Kitchener apparently thought the Navy would do the trick, though Admiral Fisher resigned and Sir Percy Scott would have nothing to do with it. Over the whole ghastly business the name of Winston Churchill must be written—*amateurishness*. It started as a kind of cutting-out expedition, overnight, fiercely opposed by the Generals in the West; was dispatched haphazard, without a plan, without

proper maps, without the slightest preliminary staff work, just as a school-boy might start out with a dozen other boys to play Red Indians. And in consequence it was one of the greatest disasters in our military annals, and bled the flower of Australian troops. After reading the remarkable volume of Sir Ian Hamilton, one can only believe that God intended the Anglo-Saxon civilisation to survive. The book has thus a wide human interest.

Literally, it fascinates, even as it appals. Hamilton was given an impossible task, and if ever a really able soldier was victimised on the wheel of fortune he was. History will certainly denounce as perhaps the most extraordinary blunder in the war the politicians and soldiers who maintained huge forces in Britain out of fear of a German invasion—always a ludicrous fear—while starving Hamilton's army, which could, and would, have ended the war within the year. There is nothing more to say.

And—now? That is the world's lesson of these two singularly illuminating works. Are we to return to spurs and swords for airmen, gold lace and red-tape for the War Office, and a General Staff of cavalry generals? In one sense civilisation may congratulate itself that soldiers are of a low intelligence, or we should have been wiped out in a dog-fight of four years. On the other hand we stand to be wiped out if the next time we are not scientific. All men who fought and have sons who may be called upon to fight on behalf of the militarism rampant in modern Europe should read these two astonishing books of mediocrity on the top and superb human sacrifice below.

If we go back to scarlet after Hamilton's account of how the Gallipoli expedition started, then don't let us pretend that we are anything but fatalists.

Labour and Culture

By Thomas Moult

When Senor Capablanca, the world's super-chessman, had reached the mature age of four, he chanced one day to discover his father and a friend playing a game quite unfamiliar to his experience. It was the game in which he has since achieved such amazing mastery, and he astounded the elders by pointing, after a few minutes, to a wrong move with a knight. Very naturally, his father asked how and what he knew about chess, and in that fascinating book, *My Chess Career*,* the champion tells us that he answered, rather outrageously from the parental standpoint, that he was not only ready to play but that he could beat him! "That is impossible," said his father, "considering that you cannot even set the pieces correctly." But the self-assurance that comes instinctively to a young Macaulay, a young Mozart, had already entered into this more recent prodigy; as he modestly puts it, "We tried conclusions, and I won."

It is in the fitness of things that Wolfgang Mozart should learn a minuet and trio by heart in half an hour on the eve of his fifth birthday and soon afterwards complete the composition of his own first original sonata; that Macaulay should write a "history" at the age of three; and that Senor Capablanca should defeat not merely his parent in a chess-game at four, but the world's champion, Marshall, while still a minor. It is equally in the fitness of things for a good many other folk to be confident that they can accomplish similar wonders in their maturity, so long as preparation is undergone for them, even though failure be the usual outcome. But it is a different matter when self-assurance is so deliberately without backing that it becomes only another name for self-deception. Mr. W. L. George has contributed a stimulating paper to that rather unique quarterly, *The Apple*, in which he would

* G. Bell and Sons. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

have us believe that the working-class is a potential Capablanca, thwarted in its intellectual and artistic desires because nothing is being done to lead it out of matter-of-factness "towards a profounder realm." It is Mr. George's generosity that makes him suggest what, without such thwarting, would be the probabilities; for he must surely have shut his eyes to the fact that the working-class, or a section which has not remained inarticulate, does not merely confess to but has frank pride in the adoption of a definite attitude towards that "profounder realm." And, as the mental and spiritual evolution of the workers must, broadly speaking, follow on similar lines—unless the revolution comes to England and effects an inversion of values—we may justifiably assume that this attitude is neither temporary nor incidental.

With the exception of a few individuals whose main use in life seems to be that they always prove the rule, those workers who hold to this positive attitude towards culture have actually identified it in their minds with the class which hitherto has monopolised the products of art and intellect as completely as it monopolises everything else. That books, magazines, and theatre seats are, or are no longer, outside the reach of the masses of people, that labour conditions have become, or are not, less inimical to the mental condition necessary for the appreciation of such books, magazines, and theatre seats,—these are rather irrelevant considerations. The truth is that, just as the dispossessed are at last overrunning a goodly portion of God's earth on the instant the gates of green lands and sunlight fling open, and must eventually overrun far more of it, so, when culture is definitely dissociated from the class which the workers regard either with envy or unshakable antagonism—then, *then* shall a use be found for it, and not before. This is indeed the manifestation of a young Capablanca's confidence without his power to achieve anything; there is not even any attempt being made to prepare for that good time coming. . . . The same error, the same self-deception, is disfiguring the transition period of private and municipal landlordism. To believe that we know what to do with God's earth, once we are loosed upon it, is difficult. To practise in half a dozen feet of backyard what is to be done once the world

is free for our peregrinations is, of course, less easy than to prepare ourselves with a limited number of books and pictures for the time when literature and art are the monopoly of none; but we can at least go one better than the present monopolists in the matter of personal behaviour and learn how to dispose decently of our ginger-beer bottles and orange peel.

Labour is an infant prodigy, a collective Capablanca in its own particular way. The question is whether or not, with all its potentialities, it is to be a prodigy of impotence, its melancholy admission, "We tried conclusions, and I lost." Just now the mind and energy of Labour are concentrating on what it believes to be the most vital of all purposes, the reconstruction of our economic life or possibly the abolition of its contemporary manifestations. In this, if in anything, there is need of imaginative idealism as well as of the idealism of a kind which visualises a platter of white bread and butter where there is black bread and no butter at all. Unfortunately, the intellectual and cultural products generally of the past and the present are being identified with the particular economic systems into which they are introduced, and the material that would stimulate that imaginative idealism, greaten the realist's vision, is either sternly boycotted or tolerated as a mere luxury which Labour can well afford to leave alone until the climax of economic readjustment. The effect of such a policy may be observed not merely in the aridness of Labour speeches and writings—aridness in the sense that there is no evidence of the propagandist mind having been enriched and coloured by the artist's co-operation—but actually in the workers' homes that Mr. George pictures as just waiting for the artist to come along and rejuvenate. It has been truly said that no man can have adequate understanding of twentieth century art unless he has studied the ancient land laws of Egypt, just as that study needs previous knowledge of the chemistry of existence. It may be said with equal truth that our acquaintance with customs and constitutions, institutions, and laws will be futile to a good extent if we remain ignorant of twentieth century art.

Dostoievsky once made the hazard that two parallel lines may meet in eternity, and the probability of it as well as of Ibsen's "two and two may make five on the planet

Jupiter" would be allowed by Labour as cheerfully as it admits the importance of culture, so long as we do not require that such matters are looked into more closely for the time being. There would consequently be cause for astonishment, though not to Mr. George, in the further claim that the supremely important thing at this present moment is culture, that to culture, or at least to art, is due the credit for whatever upheaval, whatever transformation in human existence is to be the outcome of increasing conflict between the two potent elements in the community. The great conception of humanity that was expressed in European painting and poetry and directly resulted in the French Revolution, that was carried across to England and embodied in the poetry or painting of Thomson, Gray, and Blake, in Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley, and again in Browning and Swinburne, is the conception by which all contemporary liberal action is inspired. It is culture's conception, and through it have been and are being undermined whatever doctrines enslave the conscience, weaken the reason, violate the love or restrict the imagination of mankind. That which destroys, and only that, builds up again. . . . How this destruction and rebuilding are actually being accomplished side by side, how little is that accomplishment due to those who despise artistic and intellectual pursuits as the mere diversion of idlers (unless they be pursuits definitely didactic, with which we are not concerned at all), and how much to those whose art and intellectualism is still so regarded—no one has made the narration with such clearness, knowledge and conviction as the late Stopford Brooke once made it in the lectures now collected into a volume under the title, *Naturalism in English Poetry*.* The humour, and for some folk the bewilderment, of this counter-claim is that few would be more surprised to see it put forward than the artists and intellectuals themselves!

* J. M. Dent and Sons. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

Give us this Day our Daily Bread

By Austin Harrison

NEARLY two years after the German defeat, the condition of Europe may be summed up in one despairing cry: "Give us this day our daily bread." East of the Rhine to Vladivostok, from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, the peoples are living in conditions of semi-starvation, political anarchy and economic strangulation, because they cannot produce, and quite 10,000,000 women and children are positively being fed by charity organisations financed by Americans and Britons. This famine area, embracing all Europe, has not been caused by war; it is not the result of the war or the legacy of war. It is absolutely the *direct and inspired result of the peace of Paris;* which was designed to wage war indefinitely, at the pleasure or whim of the victors.

Here, in Britain, we are so shut off from contact with the Continent that relatively few realise the hideous state of this famished Europe deliberately pauperised in the interests of fear and hate; we only feel indirectly the effects of a non-producing Europe through the high prices obtaining, met however by credit inflation here, so that the reality of the situation is obscured and its effects are only imperfectly understood or apparent. So long as the victorious Governments are permitted by their credulous peoples to continue their course of frenzied expenditure on *the printing-press*, their peoples, at least, will not want; will not feel the pinch of poverty, will be able to revel; but it is a fictitious prosperity; it is a fictitious fruition; they, too, are living on unreality—the unreality of unfundable credit, which position again will not be borne home to them until at last their Governments seek to fund their debts and return to economic facts. The truth is that Europe has no longer a political system, for the whole is controlled and

conditioned by the economics of a group of politicians who, refusing knowledge and intelligence, sought to parcel up Europe into spheres of military interest subordinate to the will of Paris and the fear of her politicians. For nearly two years now their politics have ruled supreme, and to-day the result is famine. The Blockade of Europe for a year after peace has done its fell work more efficiently than all the four years of war—Europe cannot live; cannot produce, cannot buy or sell. The cry is Bread. And there is no solution because the Peace of Paris does not admit of a solution. The Peace is war. Its whole purpose was economic control; economic depreciation, economic deindustrialisation. In a word, Europe has been pauperised, split up into warring antagonisms and non-economic units, into spheres of religious, racial, national and economic hatreds on the old feudal principle of divide and govern.

As the process of European decline, misery, hatred and depreciation accentuates, the reaction is seen politically in the breakdown of government, which is the outstanding fact in post-war Europe. The expression is pandemonium. Hardly a country has a Government likely to endure for six months. Parliaments are seen to be losing not only power but even utility. Everywhere men are returning to the old idea of force. The Supreme Council has dwindled into a newspaper wrangle, acting on no principles, unable to obtain even a common idea of construction and pacification. And as the "big" Powers talk of disarmament, the little Powers proceed to arm; thus Greece, governed by martial law; Poland, who sets out on national insolvency to attempt what Napoleon failed to achieve; the Czechs, the Jugo-Slavs, all preparing to seize whatever they can as in the good old days of freebootery. The Balkanisation of Europe implies the impoverishment of Europe, which necessarily means the antagonism of Europe and enslavement to the military idea. And that is where we stand after two years of so-called peace. The condition is war. A war of hunger. A war of economics. And this will be the new struggle facing us all as the result of the Paris peace.

To cite one example of the new conditions created,

Graz, the capital of Styria, which is a town of 100,000 inhabitants. Owing to the loss of Southern Styria, handed over to the Jugo-Slavs, Graz is cut off from supplies—her coal, foodstuffs, her railways, her raw materials. The result is the complete ruin of the Graz industries—absolute poverty and starvation. The children are kept alive by Dutch, Scandinavian and American money. There is no soap. Surgical instruments are unprocurable. Cotton is not to be obtained. There is no coal and so no gas. The whole place is a breeding-ground for typhus and plague. And yet Graz is only 50 miles from the source of supplies of coal, food and raw materials. The reason of her decay is simply that the Jugo-Slavs have got Southern Styria and are waging economic war on what is left of Austrian Styria, and the whole place is overcrowded by refugees from the annexed territories driven out by the policy of the Jugo-Slavs, whose interest it is to control the coming *plébiscite*, so-called. This is only one example of the so-called Peace. Meanwhile the annexed Croats are growing more and more dissatisfied with their present lot, and find themselves far more oppressed by the Serbs, their new masters, than they did under their former Austrian rulers. Such is a small picture of what has happened to a former prosperous and industrious community. It is the same in Hungary, and in three-parts of Europe, where all the rival groups are seeking to starve the others out.

The partitions of Poland by Catherine were nothing compared with the suffering caused by the partitions of the three men at Paris, who did not understand economics. The whole situation is utterly ridiculous and unworkable. Europe has been rebuilt to fight or starve, and Europe will, of course, fight. Such is the diagnosis. Already the disruption of the infamous Peace of Paris is in full blast. Strangely enough, the first public realisation of the imbecility of the new map comes from Italy. The return of Giolitti is more than a signal to the world; it is a trumpet-call. It means repudiation. Italy tenders her resignation. Henceforth, we and Paris will have to wangle the Supreme Council farce as the Press of our respective countries will permit. Italy's example will bear good fruit. Mr. Lloyd

George, at least, recognises the insanity of continuing war against Russia. In France, the latest cry of betrayal is the oil of Mosul. We are coming to our points. We have begun to fight over the "swag." The Parisian Press thinks Mr. Lloyd George is the "enemy." It does not matter in the least. For only economic laws count, and these are not amenable to newspaper diatribes. It is France's tragedy. It is Europe's misfortune. But precisely because it is such a terrible calamity, there is hope of returning reason.

Real hope now. The foolish Pilsudski will shortly be defeated and discomfited, and Poland will receive her needed lesson. Somehow we shall start trade with Russia; slowly the stuff will come out of the long-blockaded territory, and gladly we shall send stuff in return to the Russians. Gradually we shall come down to earth, and face the real economic facts, which will be then found to be so startling, so exacting, so expensive that not a man or woman in Britain will vote for them, and then the work of real reconstruction will begin. The plans of the militarists will all melt into shadows because they have no basis of reality; they are not applicable or maintainable; they are just "red-tab" imaginings which the business sense of men will reject. Before the cry of Bread, the bayonet of Paris will snap, like the paper of its foundations. Before the coming Republicanism of New Europe, the old design of Louis XIV. will crumble into nothingness.

Meanwhile, of course, the misery will continue, and we may expect a crop of crises, panics and alarums as the tide of reason sweeps across Europe westward compromising all Governments alike. Germany will be a key-position. If driven by hunger and loss of opportunity to anarchy, reaction and despair, the Germans are unable to form a Government, to find a course, to maintain a policy—and we are rapidly forcing them into such a condition—then there will no doubt be another serious set-back, another period of revolution, disorder and economic decline, which may eventually find an equation in a reasoned form of Bolshevism more or less in touch with Russia, as the result of which the whole trend of economic Europe may drift towards revo-

lution and wholesale disintegration. But this position we can certainly control—if we please. It will be our supreme test of statesmanship this summer. The Germanic Catholic policy of dismembership may very likely set the fire alight, and for the moment that would seem the tendency. Paris apparently does not care what happens. That is the danger—our danger in particular. If Mr. Lloyd George at Spa, or before he goes to Spa, cannot evolve a policy of production and peace, and *stick to it*, no matter how loud and hysterical the outcries from irresponsible parties here and on the Seine, he may discover too late that the problem of Europe has passed out of his hands, and out of all our hands, and that the next step is progressive anarchy. He has still a unique opportunity to display statesmanship. His instrument is economics, not the map which matters to nobody for the moment. Only one thing matters—production. How to restart industrial Europe? How, above all, to effect a right distribution of supplies? How to enable Europe to buy and sell again, *i.e.*, to work.

The world's democratic system depends absolutely upon the solution of this controlling economic problem, and if a solution cannot be found without a doubt democracy, as we know it, will disappear. Europe cannot be restored on the existing lines, simply because Europe cannot feed herself. That is the root issue. The pauperisation of one country or group to balance the economic weakness of another country or group may be politics, but it is not economics, for man is a human animal, and to work he must be given incentive. The whole Paris design thus falls upon us, and, if it is to be upheld, we must pay for it and be prepared to engage in a series of wars to maintain its inequity. Nor until we recognise that will any equation be found for production or reconstruction. Yet on that factor the credit of the world depends and our very economic mechanism. If the capitalist system does not function, credit upon which that system is based will be destroyed and with it our mechanism. There is no alternative method. Credit must be restored, or a new system will have to be tried, whether in its extreme form of communism or in an adjustment of mechanism. Such is Mr.

Lloyd George's responsibility this summer. He has become, through fate, the arbiter of the world's economic system. He can save it or smash it. He can save it through the gift of opportunity or destroy it through the arrestment of vitality.

The situation politically is notably worse than it was six months ago, for more and more authority is seen to decline, and only in France, where hate is blindest, can there be said to be a Government. Men have ceased to believe in their democracies. Here we have a Coalition procured by an election fraud, which in no sense can be called a Government. While the Premier negotiates with the Russians, his War Minister indulges in newspaper vituperation of his own Government's policy. As for Mr. Bonar Law, his statements in the House will go down in history as examples of Ministerial mendacity. The people know nothing. Mr. Chamberlain one week supports a capital levy and the next week denounces it. The whole thing is a continual game of lies and trickery. There is no longer any semblance of principle, honesty, or even common decency, while Parliament itself is nothing more than a registration assembly of wealthy men of conspicuous mediocrity "packed" to vote for "big business." There is thus no political morality left. And obviously there cannot be, because the edifice built up by hate and folly is a hollow and vain thing.

One sometimes wonders what the Churches think of this prostitution of civilisation—the world has never witnessed a more cynical disregard for the ideas and ideals that have made men great—and this utter breakdown of ecclesiastical authority. The reason is, of course, obvious—commercialism. In a world subordinated to commercialism or material gain, men have no use for principles or morality, no understanding for sentiment, tradition or spirituality, and so no compunction in ignoring such poor reeds of humanity. The fall of religion, which is such a symptomatic feature in our modern life, is the inevitable result of the rise of commercialism, for, in the absence of moral principle and independent initiative, the Churches have no "Bank rate" to raise. They, too, are capitalistic institu-

tions. Their policy likewise is a rich coffer, and so the Bishop of Simla blesses the massacre of unarmed women and children at Amritsar, where almost as many people were shot down as in the historic blood-bath of St. Bartholomew. Clearly there is no approach to a "new order" through religion. None, too, through politics, for there is no policy or faculty of policy. The only inducing force is the brutal pressure of economics, *i.e.*, facts. These facts are the only real things left, with the machine-guns.

We cannot therefore look to the Churches for reason or morality; we cannot look to man for principle or inspiration; in a commercial world, fighting for its very existence, we can appeal alone to results. If the results of a blockade devastating and ruining Europe provide the blockaders with the *monopolist conditions and prices aimed at*, and these conditions can be maintained, neither man nor God will prevail; but if the results of this economic policy of greed and rapacity are not fruitful to the exploiters, then for sure the expropriators and their servitors will "cut their losses" and try again. And that is the position we are now reaching. Trading on credit must prove a mug's game. On all sides, everywhere, the question of expense will swamp the gain projected, as in Persia, Mesopotamia and the Anglo-French option on the delights of Turkey. The world's hope is not Christianity; it lies in every nation's auditor. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is the new Moses of civilisation and his flock are the poor tax-payers. "How long, O Master, shall we continue to pay for the vainglory of politicians!" How long will it matter to the wretched divine living on £200 a year, to the schoolmaster, the artist, the teacher and creator of civilisation, to wallow in penury in order that Group A of shareholders may reap a 10 per cent. dividend on oil, or Group B 20 per cent. in pea-nuts, or Group C 50 per cent. in wool or cotton? That is the problem. In other words, the war has presented us with the question of the distribution of wealth. That is the victor's allotment. To the rest, the cry is one of sheer existence. It is the problem of Bread.

European ethics are startlingly illustrated by the victors' attitude towards the Arabs. Allenby's campaign

was won by the Arabs who, in return for their services, were promised independence; instead, we mandate them out in spheres of interest. No wonder Mr. Balfour rebukes his denominational relative anent the League of Nations. If this is Christianity, give me Mahomet, who was no humbug. We are now threatened with an Arabian-Turkish war, and certainly with an enormous bill which tax-payers will be required to meet. In his wildest days, Bismarck never went on in this sordid and brutal way. What is the meaning of it? Is there no other policy left but concession-hunting? Is this what nearly a million Britons died for? Fortunately, it is not. Perhaps more fortunately still, we shall shortly find that we cannot pay for this sublimated form of Cæsarism, either as a going venture or speculation. In Mesopotamia, if we are not quick and careful, we shall break and disrupt this Empire.

Before the crash comes we see, then, (1) the collapse of religion, (2) the breakdown of government and the mechanism of government, (3) the depolarisation of credit or stoppage of the world's economic mechanism, this latter caused by the failure of the human control. To right this disquilibrium of economic function, man must return to economics, and this he will ultimately do in the interest of common self-preservation. For the law of life is balance, and particularly is it the law of capitalism. The problem is the nature of adjustment necessary. All else is subsidiary. Yet already there is a re-accommodation, evidenced in the new distribution of wealth in the extremities. There remains the centre, or middle-class problem, which eventually will decide the issue, for the centre contains the brains and character of the whole. On the centre the burden of the new map will fall, and in due course of time the centre will reject the toll. We are moving now towards the left, and the movement is from within, upwards. With the cry of Bread in their boots, even as the men of Cromwell, who put the Bible in them, man will win slowly to a new orientation of society, and to a higher and more human purpose.

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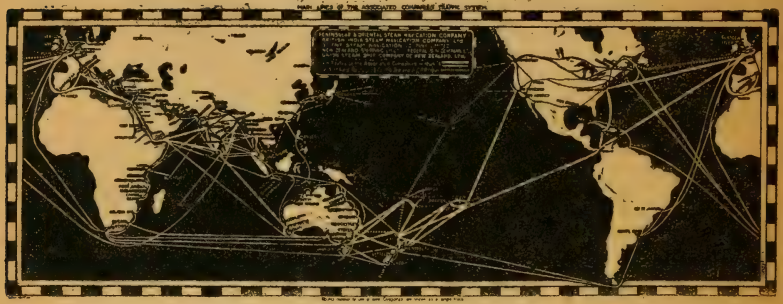

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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

REPUTATIONS. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Chapman and Hall. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF the critic can only keep us from dangerous paths and poison flowers, he will be serviceable. Even if he can point out what to abandon, or get us moving forward at all, he will justify his office. Which of the tentative tracks leads to the clearer highland air, if not to Eldorado itself? This is the question which this little volume sets out to answer.

Mr. Goldring looks round upon the little company of literary leaders—like Diogenes with an X-ray lantern—and his radiograms are very telling, clear, and amusing. We all like to see the mighty slated; and, in distributing blame, Mr. Goldring's witty, incisive method is, at the very least, entertaining. Thus H. G. Wells is the victim of "middle-aged spread," Arnold Bennett is the Gordon Selfridge of "good selling lines"; Compton Mackenzie, Tough Walpole, and Gilbert Cannan represent the three degrees of Georgian hopelessness in inverse order. The war poets and the clever ladies each come in for analytical censure, and Gissing provokes an outburst. But when we come to the honest few, some doubts of Diogenes and his lantern may creep in. Walter de la Mare, D. H. Lawrence, and Wyndham Lewis are seen as indifferent honest, with

their noses at least in the right direction; and then our pleasant and vivacious philosopher returns to his Amphora and his reminiscences. This part of the volume is not the least amusing for readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, for Mr. Goldring was its earliest sub-editor under Ford Madox Hueffer when it lived over a poulterer's shop in Holland Park Avenue, and was largely edited at the Shepherd's Bush Empire.

THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL. By GILBERT CANNAN. Chapman and Hall. 5*s.* net.

WHAT innocent creatures writers are! In the life of all of the best of them there comes a time when they discover God, and then they write a book just like a child would over his first fairy story. Mr. Wells was the last "big" man to have a go at the deity. Now it is Gilbert Cannan who has found God through love. Cannan's discovery is more genuine than Wells's, for the latter is an historian, and so must know something of the antecedents; and Cannan also reveals real beauty, which Mr. Wells did not. Indeed, Cannan has found himself in the tears of life, the bed of all schools, and we see a man no longer skating on the thin ice of materialism, but emerging into the spirituality of passion. He begins on a bitter note. Love is "hard as diamonds," and as "true in every facet." That is good. Throughout he remains on a high level, and what he has to say is really what Mary Baker Eddy said: "God is love," though Cannan varies this definition, and has a diagram to prove it. Splendidly young these artist writers, and so long as they are beautiful all is well. Cannan is hopeful. Even as he diagnoses the cause of our rottenness, he has faith. He believes in a great reincarnation of the drama which God forbid we should discourage in him. So there we are. Cannan become spiritual, finding God—let us hope finding his own true impulse and genius. He shows signs of genius. Let him follow his new God, and he will be a very significant force in the struggle which lies before us. Here, for sure, he has acquired merit.

FICTION.

THE BANNER. By HUGH F. SPENDER. Collins. 7*s.* net.

MR. HUGH SPENDER'S story leaves one guessing whether he is an ironist, satirising the political novel, or one of the delightful company of imaginative writers who draw freely upon that which is termed in artsts' slang "chic." In either case he has the art of being extraordinarily amusing, and his personages have the Ashfordian quality of "mereness" as fully developed as the youngest member of his "League of Youth" could desire.

Of the ripe political peers and the up-to-date political ladies who plane to open-air meetings; of the financial machinations of Hart *père;* and of all the other curious and interesting events of the Election week, the reader must make personal acquaintance to savour their full delight. The reviewer can only commend this diversion to their notice.

THE FOOLISH LOVERS. By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

ANYONE who can sympathetically explain the qualities which go to the making of the Ulsterman is doing a service to the neighbour-

ing island. Mr. Ervine does this, and more, for out of the obstinate pride and rugged conceit of the race he spins a story full of clean and wholesome delight, which makes Ballyards a place to be marked on the map in letters almost as large as those in which Thrums is printed. Indeed, there is a touch of the elfin celt in both localities which makes one suspect that both sorts of covenanters are not nearly so dour as they paint themselves. The story of the young man who goes to London and comes back is not a new one, but this is assuredly a new kind of young man, and his loves and resolves are so magnificently self-centred that it needs all Mr. Ervine's skill to keep us in patience with him; but, after all, a hero does not so much matter when the rest of the cast are delightful, charming, fresh, and unusual—not only the heroine and those near the throne, but the supers as well, and when the story flows and is all the way alive and enjoyable. The hero will rise to heroism in time—and he does. A story of individual charm.

THE CLINTONS AND OTHERS. By A. MARSHALL. Collins. 7*s*. net.

A REMEDY AGAINST SIN. By W. B. MAXWELL. Hutchinson. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

PASSION. By SHAW DESMOND. Duckworth. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

BRUTE GODS. By LOUIS WILKINSON. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

A WOMAN'S MAN. By MARJORIE PATTERSON. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE SWEEP WINNER. By NAT GOULD. John Long. 7*s*. net.

PANDORA'S YOUNG MEN. By FREDERICK WATSON. Collins. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

GOOD CONDUCT. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Murray. 6*s*. net.

TATTERDEMALION. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

OF the majority of recent novels, the apposite thing to say is that they are either well-written or indifferently written, though hardly in the sense that Oscar Wilde was wont to use the comparison. Even those which one is obliged to admit are indifferently written have not by that fact been put out of account. For the fiction-writer has generally a good card to play with his plot should his style turn out to be something less than an ace.

There is hardly a single book in our list for the month that does not tell either one or several good stories. And where the story is at a discount the interest usually lies in some very acute analysis of character and situation. We take Mr. Archibald Marshall's volume first, not because it surpasses the rest in the qualities enumerated, but because they are here exhibited in a compacter form, the Clintons "and others" being six groups of characters separately dealt with in six stories, most of which might be regarded almost as little novels. Mr. Marshall's range is wide, extending from a young girl's school-life to the life of adults in various manifestations. His writing is rich and gracious, mellow as a late summer garden. The more finished of his studies is "The Bookkeeper," but the technique is always finely adequate. There is a certain aloofness of out-

look that makes us wonder if he is at all aware of men's strange and dark passions, or of the brutality and terror of natural laws. He would not be Mr. Marshall, of course, without that aloofness, and we certainly desire him to be no less individual than is Mr. W. B. Maxwell, who has chosen a subject which explicitly relates itself with those passions and laws.

A Remedy Against Sin is not so much a well-written as a powerful analysis of a situation so real and glaringly in need of readjustment that the artist has been sacrificed to a big extent for the propagandist—and yet the story remains. Mr. Maxwell's character-drawing is excellent throughout; his deficiencies appear to be in humour, in description, and a certain slickness. . . . Mr. Shaw Desmond's *Passion* is also a product of intimate contact. Apart from the sensationalism that the author persists in introducing into his story of London life every so often, as though he had not sufficient confidence in the power of the story itself to keep the reader interested, and apart from the sentimentalism of many of the scenes—especially in the section entitled "Fear Street"—this is a notable piece of writing. Sex, and that of the cruder sort, is perhaps the main "passion" of the novel, and sex, equally crude and rather as an obsession, is the motive of Mr. Wilkinson's story. It is very readable, but not particularly pleasant. Miss Patterson's study of a philanderer also has its unpleasant pages, but to relieve them is a youthful breeziness and *naïveté* (the Bohemian hero tells his story in the first person throughout). In its particular way *A Woman's Man* is a success, and the result of much care and thought.

Mr. Watson and Mr. Birmingham are more experienced hands at the fiction-game. They are able by virtue of this fact to let seriousness take care of itself while they proceed to make their fun. Not that being an "old hand" is always a guarantee against gravity. Mr. Nat Gould, for example, is as grave as the best of them, although *The Sweep Winner* is his seventieth or eightieth occasion. But, all the same, he possesses a cheery and optimistic spirit which makes certain other novelists tedious by comparison—and certainly all other racing novelists. Mr. Watson's novel is a very well written satire, deliciously amusing from first to last. Mr. Birmingham presents us with twelve stories, their central character being a schoolgirl who gives us a delight that is unsullied because we feel that whatever we are laughing at it is not Virginia Tempest.

It is something of a return to different purposes to conclude with Mr. Galsworthy's *Tatterdemalion*. The struggle which Mr. Desmond and Mr. Maxwell have entered into rather lightly is that which has been the dominant feature of Mr. Galsworthy's artistic career—the struggle between the artist in him and the social student. Sometimes one of them succeeds, sometimes the other. But the power that made such superb things of *The Country House* and *The Dark Flower* has happily triumphed in his new book, with its powerful tales of war and peace. The story of a woman of the town who secretly witnesses the marriage of her daughter to an honest man, "A Strange Thing," is especially memorable—if we dare select at all from a volume of such spiritual beauty and beautiful workmanship.

T. M.

THE REVELS OF ORSERA. By SIR RONALD ROSS. Murray. 7*s.* net.

To get a hearing, as Shakespeare knew, one must split the ears of the groundlings as well as charm the critics. Again, if a pantomime be sufficiently grotesque, it may come nearer the verge of unspeakable things than a masque of mere humans is ever likely to do. Sir Ronald Ross is so distinguished in science and in letters that reflections such as these come to the mind's questionings over his latest book. It cannot be that this is merely an attempt to recapture the atmosphere of the mediæval world, in the sense that Scott and Reid and Hewlett have each essayed, nor can it be mere delight in Swiss legend—however this may have penetrated European literature—but that these gargantuan buffetings, junketings, philosophisings, and witmongerings create the sort of hypnosis in which one may glimpse the ineffable, and, amidst a vertiginous masquerade and cosmic thunderings, hear with stretched ears a transcendental melody. The story of a hunchback—hated and finally murdered by his mother—effecting an exchange of bodies with an incarnate spirit, and lapsing into his own poor form at death, is the central theme; but whether the rebel spirit was incarnate good or evil, or whether one should rearrange these epithets, the reader must try to determine from the wonderful mass of picturesque, poetic, and mystical matter with which Sir Ronald has filled his strange and significant book.

MILITARY.

THE SECRET CORPS. By CAPT. FERDINAND TUOHY. Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

"INTELLIGENCE" is a thrilling subject, and Captain Tuohy (an Irishman—why are so many "Intelligence" officers Irishmen?) has a good deal to say, both pleasant and unpleasant, so that his book is excellent reading and, in a guarded way, intelligent. Clearly he has no use for the old military methods. He comes down heavily on the Cavalry-General attitude of 1914–15; he shows that when we went to war we had no "intelligence," whereas we finished up with the keenest "intelligence" on the field. Of course, he omits a lot, but still he manages to tell some really good stories, makes one or two startling revelations, unfolds a side of war little known. He tells us about that wonderful man, Lawrence; he shows how prisoners were interrogated; he lets in a little more light on the activities of Nurse Cavell; he gives away some secrets which to-day are no longer of importance. Quite a fascinating book. Women played no small part in the game. Our friend the collector of statistics clearly had a brave and exciting time.

POETRY.

LEDA, by ALDOUS HUXLEY (Chatto and Windus), is unquestionably a performance, if the strange poem dedicated to his friend killed in the war strikes a finer note humanly and even poetically. Huxley is clearly a case. His real bent is probably sociology, and so when he is a poet he is scientific, and when he is scientific he is a poet. This atrabilious compound associated with youth, a steep classical education and historical family traditions, make of this

neo-Byronic young man—a great word nowadays!—something of a literary goblin who will certainly require watching. He has obviously not yet found his feet. At times he is still annoyingly collegiate; thus "we live among the perpetual degenerations of apotheosis," or "the half-fossilised exuberances of a passionate life" which are Disraelian without "Dizzy." No, Huxley will survive these exercises in style, same as the "little visitor" has outlived her romance. It is the mind of this erudite and ardent youth that interests us, for there we catch profundities out of which much real blossoming should come. In Leda he throws down his glove. "Take that." It is rhythmic, if uninspired; correct, pleasant, urban, a thing of the library. Where will this troubled spirit end? He is already a force. Of the youth of his day, Huxley stands in the front rank.

It is delightful to find another small tonic from JOHN HELSTON, *Lyric Earth* (P. Allan and Co.), he is one of war's arrested poets come to life again. He is an optimist, and his joy is the country, the air, the colour and mystery of life. He approaches these things with a poet's reverence. He loses his head. He delights in the names of places. He has the simplicity essential to lyric expression. We rejoice to catch his pipe again.

THE GOLDEN ARCHER, by "A. B." (Erskine, Macdonald), reveals a sonneteer of considerable excellence. He has a true sense of words, imagination, and sincerity. A charming volume.

SOCIAL.

THOUGHTS ON THE WAR: THE PEACE—AND PRISON. By E. D. MOREL. Orchard House, Great Smith Street. *2s.*

VERY quietly Morel passes in review his intimate thoughts on war, in and out of prison, whither he was sent on a purely arbitrary charge, as the result of a policy of victimisation. It is a little work all fathers should read. Morel is the pure idealist, absolutely sincere, one of those types which fight for spirituality in a world where materialism is everyman's religion. What he says is incontrovertible. His day will come round again. He is a force in our civilisation destined to play a leading part in the fight for a right peace and a more civilised European order.

Chu Chin Chow

4TH YEAR—44th week—6th day; and so on, *ad infinitum*, and American film producers assuring us that in two years we shall go theatre-dry. Pessimists may well pin their faith to the Chinaman of Mr. Asche: who has beaten all records with a pantomime on the old theme of the 40 thieves. Why this is, no man can tell. Some say this, some say that. Yet, if it is the despair of art, it is none the less Britain's hope, the last ditch of Shakespeare, for clearly, so long as Chu Chin Chow can hold the boards, the Movies will not shift the last call-boy.

The failure of the theatre is really due to its conservatism and commercialism. Our stage, instead of leading, is about 20 years behind the times; and so only farce and whimsicality score; the rest is taboo. And yet not quite. Galsworthy's play, and *The Grain of Mustard Seed* are both good plays, well acted, and they win. In reality there is plenty of room for the right stuff. The obese Chinaman at His Majesty's protects the stage, like Mother Carey, and what he gives is—life. The public are not fools, that is the lesson. It is inanity that really bores them. When they get something alive, they respond avidly enough. It is the managers who bastinado their own hopes by refusing to trust the people. The film operators aim at eliminating the word from the stage, and their one fear is education. If used educationally, boys and girls will, as adults, ignore the screen. Now, that is art's cue. The word. In the beginning was the word.

Well, that is all a playwright needs. To beat the film, he has to produce good words. Thus art is thrown back on art. In the coming fight between words and photo-shows, the artist will have his opportunity.

If 2,000,000 people will pay to see Chu Chin Chow, how many will pay to see a crocodile eat a baby on the screen? That is the sum. The answer is education. Use the film in the schools, and Isaacson, Ltd., will go out of business. He knows that. We don't.

Blessed be Chu Chin Chow, who has thus taught artists their business!

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